

NOVEMBER 1939

# *Quarterly Review*

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
AT WORCESTER







# Quarterly Review

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# *The Quarterly Review*

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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GRACE CLEE SMITH



### *Miss Grace Clee Smith*

IT is with sincere feeling of regret and of loss that the Board of Editors of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* records the retirement of Miss Grace Clee Smith from the position of teacher of Art in the Worcester Teachers College after nearly twenty years of efficient service. Although she has not yet reached the age when retirement is required by law, she has for some time felt that partly for reasons of health, partly for the desire to travel and to carry on art studies, she should relinquish the responsibilities of her position. Before coming to Worcester, Miss Smith had had experience in teacher-training as a member of the faculty at the State Normal School at Bridgewater, now a Teachers College. Her training and experience, therefore, combined to fit her admirably for the service which she has rendered so well in Worcester. Her courses included teaching public school art, art appreciation and expression, the application of art and art principles, and the history and development of art. For some years she gave also a series of lectures on the teaching of art to the students of the Worcester Art Museum School, and from time to time she offered courses in Art in the Teachers College Extension Department.

President William B. Aspinwall in speaking of her work, said it was distinctly individual in character and of unusually high quality. The emphasis that she liked most to place on the teaching of Art was the emphasis on "good taste," and on art as a form of expression that every one should be able to command to some extent. This, she believed, was a valuable result of the application of the principles of art. Moreover she believed that this application could and should be made in all relations in life, including those of behavior, of good citizenship, of dress, speech, industry, commerce, advertising, as well as those of cultural values and forms of expression in general. Skill in technique, she would say, is within the reach of only a few, but appreciation of the fine and the excellent is a privilege that all may hope to enjoy. Therefore, educating a person to know and to value excellence, is one of the greatest of the duties of the school, for, after all, striving for excellence is the essence of civilization. In its simplest form, Miss Smith was wont to describe art as "doing well anything that needed to be done." This point of view is not always in accord with opinions that are usually expressed concerning art in these modern days. To set up accuracy in execution, for example, as the greatest aim in art is to offer a compromise and to fail to hold in proper esteem the best that art offers. To do well something that does not need to be done at all, is to degrade the art that is demanded in the execution. Art, to be truly justified, should enhance the quality of civilization; and



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make excellence its constant aim; it should spread wide in the minds of men an increasing understanding of true quality, and should seek to inspire a desire to attain to the highest quality. Any goal that is inferior to this is unworthy of art conceived in its best sense.

Miss Amy Rachel Whittier, director of the teacher training department of the Massachusetts School of Art, referring to Miss Smith's retirement, wrote to Dr. Aspinwall, "I am sorry that the State has lost her very rare and helpful personality. Art Education, too, has lost a very valuable and vital teacher."

Miss Smith is a discerning and discriminating critic, sometimes severe, but always just, and she has the faculty of presenting her judgment with most convincing effect. Her personal influence will be greatly missed at the Teachers College. She is now living in North Bennington, Vermont. The Editors of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* wish her many years of health and happiness.

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### *Today*

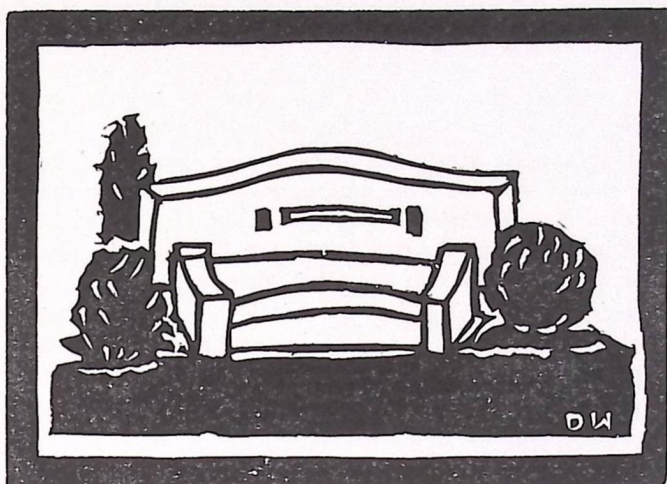
*Esther Lipnick, '43*

Yesterday it was a far-off dream  
    Wrapped in morning haze;  
Yesterday it was a fond tomorrow,  
    A treasured dream for days and days.

Today that dream becomes reality.  
    Illusions, fancies disappear,  
The mystery becomes unraveled —  
    This is college! I am here.



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IN 1917 Miss Arabella H. Tucker resigned from the faculty of the Worcester Normal School. She had taught nature studies there for a period of nineteen years, and had done it so beautifully that her students invariably came away with her love of the out-of-doors firmly implanted in them. Her classes, they tell us, were conducted with the pleasant informality of an afternoon gathering. Her Monday nature walks were by-words to the students. Miss Tucker would open their eyes to the beauties of things they had seen for many years, but had never noticed. And so it was that her gentle influence was spread.

We did not know Miss Tucker. But we, too, have felt her presence in the love for her still carried in the hearts of the Alumnae who gathered at the College on October 21 and dedicated to her memory the stately granite exedra on our campus. It is Miss Tucker's; but it is for us to use and to enjoy, and in so using, perhaps to try to keep alive her memory, so dear to the Alumnae. And perhaps in small measure we, too, my carry on her spirit.



## Autumn Fantasy

Harriet Sargent, '42

THE WIND was wailing and whooping about the tall trees at the corner, winding deep green shadows tight around the blinking street light. Mrs. Buxby, hobbling briskly home from vespers, fingered her rosary nervously. She was not even surprised when the light went out entirely, leaving only a deep purple world of moaning branches and rustling leaves.

Mrs. Buxby's great great aunt Hannah had always had supernatural inclinations; in fact, there are some who say that she yielded to them entirely and sailed away on a broom-stick one night. And Mrs. Buxby had noticed with mingled alarm and gratification for the past year that she was beginning to show a certain resemblance to her noted ancestor.

Mrs. Buxby's youth and middle age had been spent under the sway of a staid and domineering father and an equally staid and domineering husband, and was therefore quite lacking in romance and thrills. Frankly, for the last fifty years Mrs. Buxby had been bored stiff. Now, with father and husband both safely tucked away, she felt she could enjoy life.

So when the light had gone out, the old lady thought how the very image of Aunt Hannah had stared out of her mirror last night, and began to look around her. She had nearly given up expecting the appearance of Lucifer when suddenly a faintly luminous green shade, carefully flecked with crimson and sulphurous yellow to match the foliage, floated down from a tree. Mrs. Buxby could distinguish its outline quite clearly in the darkness, because of a luminous smoke which surrounded it with dim light.

Curiously enough, the shape seemed oddly familiar, and likewise the deep-pleasant voice which came from it. Mrs. Buxby suddenly felt like swooning with happiness. Then her New England common sense came to her rescue as she reflected that she had probably never seen the ghost before in her life and might never again. She looked crossly over her big hawk nose and tapped impatiently with her cane as the ghost said, drifting a little closer,

"Hannah, my own! My sweet! I haven't seen you for centuries!"

Then the smoky haze cleared, and gazing at the strange apparition, Mrs. Buxby reflected meekly that he probably hadn't. For she saw a tall, dark man with a decidedly antique mustache, resplendent in all the ruffs and laces of the seventeenth century dandy.

Before she could give the matter serious thought she found herself rushing forward,

"My dear Allan. It has been so long — too long." Then she caught herself up again, drew her bony knuckles dazedly across her forehead, began to



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struggle fiercely against two long ghostly arms twined about her.

When Mrs. Buxby regained consciousness, she noticed that she was perched on a high bough above the extinguished street light, drawing silken folds of green mist demurely about her bony knees, and swaying dreamily to the shrill music of the wind. She had apparently dropped her cane behind her, but she felt so young and spry she could do nicely without it. In fact, she felt so youthful that she began to think of her looks again and their possible effect on a ghost admirer. She felt for her face — and put her hand straight back into the branches behind her.

For some reason, this worried Mrs. Buxby. "This is really going too far," she reflected angrily. "My face may never have been beautiful, but it was at least comforting to know I had one!" She fumbled hastily in her misty apron pocket for her mirror. For a second she peered, and gasped.

There was the picture of Aunt Hannah which had hung over the mantle. There was her dreamy, piquant face framed in black curls which escaped from her Puritan kerchief. And beside it was the insolently charming face of Allan Buckingham. All about the two swirled the pale green fog, blinding and separating their faces. And suddenly the girl in the tree saw the last traces of Mrs. Buxby go tapping away in the distance, and three hundred years were like one day in passing. Then Hannah Buxby laid a shy hand of shimmering green in her lover's virile emerald one. \* \* \*

The next morning the postman found old Mrs. Buxby all crumpled beneath an old elm tree at a lonely street corner. The doctor, a deliberate old fellow, looked disturbed and sorry, and thought it was a heart attack. But Mrs. Buxby's rosary lay smashed in a thousand pieces, and the street light glared and blinked all day in bright green luminescence.

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### *Chinese Laundry*

*Shirley Sigel, '40*

YOU LEAVE the noise and hurry of busy America when you enter Wong's little laundry. The old wooden door swings quietly behind you. There are no sounds in this dull green room save a hissing caused by hot iron and damp cloth. You breathe, not too deeply, the dead air which has been moistened, dried, heated and moistened again many times — air which has never met a soft April breeze. From the low ceiling, in a rusty cage, hangs a dim yellow bulb casting eerie patches of light on the wooden walls. You become aware of long yellow bundles with black painted messages, of dingy cretonne curtains. You wonder what ancient secrets this place holds.



## Metamorphosis of a Schoolmarm

Lillian Newfield, '40

*"Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."*

THUS IT IS that in a devastatingly witty denunciation the teaching profession has been dismissed. Of course, you say, it's very easy for anyone to get up in front of a group of youngsters and ask questions out of a book. That's all that my teachers ever did.

When one watches a basketball game and sees the grace and accuracy of aim with which the players are endowed, the whole performance looks very easy. Merely by observing the general action the spectator overlooks or is ignorant of the subtle points of defense by which the game is won, and of the months or years of practice that have gone into its achievement. If he could see the raw quintet before it went through its period of training by experts, he would not think that the game looked easy. Nor would he want to stay to watch.

In such a manner does a Teachers College receive a group of teachers-to-be. Looking them over on the first day one does not feel very optimistic regarding the future of the youth of the land who will be entrusted to the mercies of these very immature high school graduates. The girls themselves are filled with trepidation at the thought of facing a class. They want to teach, indeed, but are fully aware of their inability to do so. They are coming to college to learn how. They realize that the training period will be difficult, but they are willing to try to succeed in it.

The first year is very hard. The life at college is entirely new; and the work is much more intensive than anything the girls have done previously. It is not long before those who are not seriously bent on teaching begin to drop out, and at the end of the first year it is not uncommon for twenty per cent of the group to have left. By this time only the better students remain. As the class swings into the second year, we find few failures, for the adjustment to the life and requirements of the college has been made.

The very spirit of a Teachers College is professional. The teaching ideals, and ideas are absorbed by students in all their courses, in activities, and in assemblies. It is not long before the girls have a definite professional attitude, even if they do feel as though they cannot grasp everything that is taught them in methods and management classes. In the first two years there is a gradual maturing of potentialities. Through frequent opportunities the girls learn how to speak before groups, at first very hesitatingly, then more surely. They are given a background in the major fields of knowledge, so that by the time the third year comes they are ready for practice teaching.



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The Supervisor of Apprentices by no means receives into her charge a group of young ladies who have become highly accomplished by reason of their two-year training period. It is true that one would not recognize them as the freshmen we have described. Their assurance and capability are marked. But the thought of their own inadequacy in facing a class overwhelms them. They, indeed, do not think that teaching is just "asking questions out of a book." They know the immensity of the task and how much is expected of them.

Each girl is assigned to a public school teacher who has volunteered to take her. Through contact with these experienced men and women the apprentice gains as much as from a class in methods. They take a personal interest in the student teacher and give her every help that they can. All that they do is solely for the good of the apprentice, for they receive no recompense but satisfaction, perhaps, for a good deed. Often a lasting friendship and affection spring up between the older and the younger woman.

The student is assigned from two to three classes a day to teach and a few to observe. She learns what work her classes are doing and receives instruction as to what to take up in her first lesson. Then she takes out her mimeographed sheet of what a lesson plan should be and tries to write one. It is a disheartening task. How shall she introduce herself? How can she remember her development? How can she develop? What questions can she ask? How can she be sure of having a good conclusion and yet not finish before time? How, how, how? Her head is in a whirl. She feels as though she simply cannot do it.

Finally the plan is written. She memorizes it and is in an agony lest she forget it. She cannot eat. She goes to bed and wakes in the morning with a sense of impending doom. The whole business seems nightmarish. She barely can live through the morning. When the period comes, at last, and her bright smiling little seventh graders come into her room, she mentally shakes herself, thinking, You foolish girl, what can you possibly be afraid of? She rises and steels herself, begins to talk. The children listen. They are responsive. Her knees become stronger. She feels as though it will be all right to refer to her lesson plan. The period is over before she realizes it. She sinks into her chair happier than she has been for days. The first lesson has actually been taught, and she is still alive.

The second lesson plan is much easier to write. It takes one hour instead of two and a half. It is much easier to teach, but the lack of confidence is still present. It takes about two weeks for a feeling of real sureness to develop. Then the agony of "What shall I do tomorrow?" is displaced by a crowding



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of ideas and a "How shall I be able to teach all that I want to?" She loves her teaching, her school, her pupils, and all the faculty, who are so friendly and so maternal — or paternal, as the case may be. Formerly feeling like an exile from her beloved college for a long eight weeks, she now begins to regret the passage of time which means the end of her apprenticeship.

Supervision, far from being the chief dread, is a great help to the student teacher. The supervisors are friendly, interested people who never criticize to discourage, but instead give helpful suggestions for making her teaching better. Their praise is generous and gives her a "walking on air" feeling. The student expects their visits and is well-prepared. Once a week the apprentices return to college for group conferences with their supervisors, and in these meetings general problems are brought up and threshed out. Also on these days opportunity to practise public speaking is given, and the girls who address an audience for the first time with their hearts in their mouths are poised and confident at the end of the eight weeks.

Next time you see a teacher at work or hearken back to the days when your teacher seemed to stand so easily before you and guide you through the maze of learning, remember that her ease came only through long experience; that she went through mental torment to attain that sureness; and that hours of preparation lie behind each school day.

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### *My Pen*

*Grace Palmer, '40*

O pen, O little purple pen  
How can you break my heart again?  
Your purple ink squirts over me,  
All over fingers clasping thee.  
You spoil my skirt,  
You bathe my hand,  
You ruin papers neatly planned,  
And yet I bear thee, yet I do,  
Because you've seen me four years through.  
You've earned an A, you've earned an E,  
You've stuck by me most constantly.  
And after all is over here,  
I'll still have you for many a year  
Unless . . .  
          someone gives me a new one for Christmas.







## Decision

Eugenia Richards, '40

IT WAS COLD for the middle of May, there was no mistaking that, and the chill wind sweeping through the trees which outlined the small pond helped to make the water appear even colder than it was, and it was *very* cold. Even the sun which was doing its level best to warm the icy atmosphere, did little to dispel the bleak grayness of the small waves as they rushed, propelled by the wind, upon the frigid stones on the beach.

George Stanley III stood on the small beach and moodily gazed with discouraged eyes upon the scene before him — and saw nothing. It was as though the world did not exist. There could be no mistake about the hopelessness and defeat which filled his brain, his heart, his entire being, for they were portrayed by his slouched position, his bowed head, the way his coat collar stood against his neck. In fact, in spite of his mere seventeen years, George Stanley III looked intensely desolate.

Why he stood there he didn't know. He had gone over this before with himself, had reached a decision and had dismissed any other argument from his mind. There was no other way out. He must do it to save his honor. He looked at the cold gray water, closed his eyes and shuddered. For a brief instant the chain of events responsible for this unswerving decision flashed in review within his tired brain.

It had started two months before during an argument with his roommate, in the small recreation room of the boarding school, whose red top peeped through the trees. His roommate had called him a coward and immediately there had been a curtain between them and there was only one way to remove that curtain. "You don't dare to do it," his chum had sneered; "You're yella, that's what." Yellow! The word rankled. It twisted and turned in his memory until he felt tortured by the thought of it. Oh there was no way out; he had to go through with it.

He stole another glance at the water and quickly reclosed his eyes. Thought was resumed.

Until those fatal words had filled his ears, bewildering him and hurting him past reasoning, the world had been such a beautiful place in which to live. He had been elected captain of the football team for the ensuing year, his marks had placed him on the dean's list, his winning the essay contest had meant that he would go to the World's Fair free, all expenses paid, and yet, all this didn't matter. Nothing mattered anymore. He felt himself an outcast, turned away from happiness by a relentless uncaring world.

Why did he hesitate? Oh why did he lack the courage to take that final



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step, the only way his honor could be redeemed? *Was* he yellow? No, no, no, he would not flinch now, it was too late. He had told his roommate that morning what he intended to do, and his roommate had swung an unbelieving back upon him. He could not turn back now. He would put an end to the unhappiness which had lasted two months. Two months of being tortured by one word!

His eyes slowly opened again and this time they remained open. George Stanley III turned slowly and strained to catch the farewell glimpse of the school. A sudden gust of wind produced a parting of the trees and for a brief second his eyes found the windows of his room and met the leering gaze of his roommate. Suddenly the despair was gone and anger took its place. The boy's lips became grim, his eyes hard and, resolutely turning again toward the forbidding water, he removed his coat and shoes revealing a pair of trunks — and nothing else. Without flinching he strode forward, wavered an instant when his bare feet touched the icy wet stones, and plunged into the gray waves, the words spoken two months before echoing in his ears. "You don't dare to go in swimming before July. You're too blamed scared of the cold. You're yella!"

• • •

### *Pourquoi Battre?*

*Elinor Hammond, '42*

Au commencement du temps les hommes batturent  
Pour leurs familles gagner le nourriture.  
Au cinquieme siecle ils batturent pour le gloire  
Et conquetes, dans cette Age Noire.

Au Moyen Age ils batturent pour l'amour  
Et gagnent leurs femmes par prenant leurs.  
Au siecle des "Lumieres" ils batturent pour la terre.  
Mais dans le vingtieme pour la democracie rare.

Il ne faut plus battre pour le nourriture  
Ni battre aussi pour la terre;  
Ainsi pourquoi battrions-nous  
Si encore nous avons la democracie rare?



## Kathleen Sweeney and the Second World War

Florence Newfield, '42

WAR certainly is exciting, but now I'm just as excited about having six weeks of college work to make up."

Kathleen Sweeney of the Sophomore Class, who returned from Ireland on October 20, looked out from behind a mountain of books and stopped work long enough to answer a few questions about her experiences in a country at war.

"I hate to admit it, but we were very much surprised when war was declared," said Kathleen. "As a matter of fact, I was writing a letter to Harriet Sargent telling her that there was no war news and that nobody expected war, when the news flash came over the wireless — I mean the radio — telling us that the war had begun. Come to think of it, I never *did* mail that letter."

Kathleen, her mother, and her sister sailed for Ireland on June 10. We all knew that she was going, and it must be admitted that we were green with envy whenever she mentioned her prospective trip, but we never dreamed that it would be more than a routine visit, if a visit to Europe can be called routine. The ship was the *Laconia*, of the Cunard White Star Line, but since it was going to Liverpool, a tender took the Ireland bound passengers into Belfast.

"I was in Liverpool for one day, but most of my time was spent in the northern part of Ireland, in Belfast, Antrim, Armagh, and Keady. Of course I had some wonderful experiences," she added ruefully, "but people don't seem interested in anything but the war these days. I will say, though, that I was struck with the beauty of the country, especially when it's dry. The trouble is, it isn't dry very often, and there is lots of water everywhere."

"How long had you planned to stay in Ireland?" I asked.

"We had booked return passage on the *Scythia*, another Cunard ship, for September 2, but on August 30 the British government requisitioned it. We hadn't even thought of such a thing, because everyone in Cady was sure that this was just another crisis. We were all ready to leave when we heard about the ship's being taken over. After that we fairly lived in the American consulate in Belfast, trying to get home. We wanted to leave on September 2, as we had planned, but there was only one other ship sailing that day — the *Athenia* — and there was no room for us. Everyone in the village was very cheerful about it. They assured us that we'd never get home alive, and that we'd better stay until the war was over."

Kathleen was not in the most dangerous war area, but Belfast is close enough to the Continent so that the people there live in terror of air raids.



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"I was in Keady, about forty-four miles from Belfast, so I wasn't right in the midst of city excitement. People were very calm. The only way you could tell that anything unusual was going on was by looking out at the streets. People were gathered at all the corners, and of course the war was the only subject of conversation."

"Was life any different after the war began?" I inquired.

"No, it didn't interfere with our daily lives except for black-outs and air raid drills," she answered. "People had to keep black window shades over their windows so that not even a ray of light could be seen from the outside. Some people tried covering the windows with newspapers, but they were fined two pounds or had to serve six months in jail for every light that showed through. The theatres were closed at first; you know every proclamation issued in England applies to Ulster too. But they've been opened again."

"How about the air raid drills?"

"We didn't have them out in Keady, but I was in one in Belfast. We drove in to do some shopping, and the air raid siren started while we were in the doorway of a store. We dashed out and down into the A.R.P. (Air Road Protection) shelter. It's built underground in Dufferin Square, and has sand-bags piled up all around it. We ran downstairs into the shelter and stayed there for fifteen minutes until the all-clear signal was given. It was just a drill, but it was enough for me! And, oh yes! All the main buildings are surrounded with sand-bags. The people all carry gas-masks in the city, too. We were out in the country, so we didn't have ours by the time we left."

"Did you see many soldiers around?" I queried.

"Soldiers from the Territorial Army were camped at the Mall — that's just like the city common — at Armagh. The volunteers are called the Free Staters, but there's no conscription yet. The boys are all so very young!"

"I suppose you know that even in Ulster everyone isn't for England. Many people think that she can't win, but the Loyalists are in the majority."

Kathleen admitted that she was surprised at the war news when she got home.

"We heard very little news, and everything we did hear was strictly censored. But one thing we knew plenty about was the food rationing. The government sent each family a letter asking how many people there were in the family and how old each was; then you received a card telling how much food you could buy each week, and the grocer checked off every purchase you made. No one could get any luxuries, even if he could pay for them. Four ounces of butter a week was the limit for each person. Prices were sky-high, and it was even hard for the grocers to get supplies, because so many



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cargo ships were sunk.

"While I think of it, I mustn't forget this. Soon after we reached Ireland a friend sent me a Worcester paper, and the first thing I saw when I opened it was Dr. Shaw's picture! After that I felt right at home."

"How did you finally manage to get home?" I asked.

"Well, we had been running in to Belfast to the American consulate almost every day pestering the lives of the officials, but it was awfully hard to get passage. We were on the waiting list of the United States Lines for almost two months. They weren't selling any tickets at all — just taking care of their own return-trip customers and transferred passengers from the English and French steamship lines. Finally about September 30 they told us that we might be able to go on October 7 on the *American Shipper*, but that we shouldn't be too hopeful. We were all packed on the sixth when we got a telegram saying that the boat would be delayed till the tenth. We were starting out on the tenth when it was put off till the eleventh! On the afternoon of the eleventh we embarked, but we couldn't sail until the next morning, because the floodlights which shine on the great big American flags painted on the sides of the ship and on the hatches did not work.

"The *American Shipper* is supposed to carry seventy-two people, but this time it sailed with one hundred and seventy-two. Even the storage rooms were mobbed. The funny part of it is, once we started, we never thought of submarines. I had expected that everyone would be terrified of torpedoes, but at first the water was so calm that no one was frightened. I think we kept straight on our course, with no zig-zagging."

"As if to add insult to injury, the *American Shipper* bumped into the same hurricane that did so much damage to the *President Harding*. During the middle of that night the ship headed back for Ireland, but after eight-and-a-half hours she turned around and sailed for America again. There was a short circuit in the electrical system, so for a while they had no lights, but the only other damage was the loss of half a mast and part of the upper deck railing.

"Everyone was scared silly," she admitted. "We were glad when it was all over. Besides that, were we happy to see America when we landed at Boston on the twentieth!"

"It's too bad the war had to spoil your vacation," I sympathized.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Kathleen. "As long as there had to be a war, I'm glad I was in on some of the excitement, because it was an experience I'll never forget. Yes, I'm glad I was there — but I'm glad, too, I didn't have to stay there!"



## *A Soldier's Lament*

*Shirley Albert, '42*

They sent us off to war that day  
Amid the crowds and cheers,  
We were a thousand brave and strong  
And had no earthly fears.  
What knew we of the horror to come  
When only one word reeked in our mind,  
It was glory, glory, the glory of war  
The one thing we would find.

Then over the sea to gay Pa'ree  
And weeks of wine and song,  
But then the call to the front was made  
For which we had waited so long.  
The time had come we'd show the world  
And all humanity,  
That we were men — fighting men  
Who would save democracy.

But mud and mirk, dust and dirt,  
Grime, slum and strife;  
It did not take us long to learn  
What made a soldier's life.  
Our morals gone, our life upset  
The beast in man run wild,  
God knows the one thing we would give  
To be once more a child.  
Where was the glory which we sought,  
How long the cause for which we fought?

And now the final test had come  
To show our strength and force,  
For o'er the top we had to go,  
That was our inevitable course.  
What chance was there when we knew  
Destruction lay ahead;  
Looming like a Spectre there  
Zealously watching her dead.

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The signal came, we dashed like mad  
Across to find the foe,  
But bullets rained in torrents down  
On this spectacular show.  
A whizzing sound, a mighty blast,  
The earth torn from its base,  
And then a deathly silence reigned  
In this unholy place.

A cloud of smoke did slowly rise  
To show what had been done,  
And upon this scene a thousand lay  
Each victim of a gun.  
With arms torn off, and brains blown out  
Bodies blasted to shreds;  
And the answer to this horror, was  
Why don't men use their heads.

There was a glory in this war,  
The glory of the sun—  
To rise once more and show the world,  
Show what it had done.  
To let a few men rule the earth  
Who fight for selfish gains,  
And send their own men off to Hell  
To carry out their aims.  
Who think that they can play with life  
And rule the whole world with their might.

The time will come when all will know  
That there is strife no more.  
And then our men can never say  
They sent us off to WAR.



## Book Reviews

---

### *Grapes of Wrath*

Mary Hunt, '40

THE TREND in modern literature aims at sensationalism. The more vulgarity and psychological abnormality that can be enclosed within the covers of a book, the more likely the book is to become a "best-seller."

*Grapes of Wrath* is definitely a best-seller, and just as definitely sensational. It is, however, justified in part because of its purpose. The aim of the book is to arouse indignation throughout the United States against the conditions which exist in the dust-bowl region—the states of Nebraska, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas.

In this purpose, the book succeeds; it does arouse indignation, but it also arouses a negative feeling, one of disgust and repulsion. These reactions, so different and opposite, are caused by the structure of the book. It is divided into alternating themes: the story of the whole people driven from their homes, desperate and maddened by their fate; and the story of the Joad family.

Whatever John Steinbeck's purpose was in selecting the Joads as a typical family, he has placed a definite blot upon the people of the Middle West. He has chosen a group of illiterate, foul-mouthed, immoral degenerates—a product of the isolated sections of the Ozarks. The family can be compared with the characters of the play, *Tobacco Road*. It is difficult to sympathize with these people; indeed they revolt the feelings of the most insensitive reader; and the characters as a whole are an insult to the normal people who lost their homes and migrated to California.

The plot of the book is extremely simple. Tom Joad returns to his home after his release from McAlester, a prison where he has remained for four years as punishment for killing a man. When he reaches his home, he finds the family, driven out by the large land-holders, ready to depart for California. He sets out with them and, after undergoing severe hardships, they reach California, the land of promise. From here on, the story of the Joads merges into the story of all those who migrated to the west coast in answer to the marvelous promises which the cotton and fruit growers had made to them in the pamphlets scattered throughout the Middle West.

One hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand people pour into California, hungry, searching for any kind of job, willing to do anything to earn a little bread. Five men for every job—the great land-owners pay less and less, when men are hungry, and their children starve—



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

and they will fight for any job, no matter how little it may pay.

Then the last, and most awful blow falls. The fruit-growers cannot sell their products, and they destroy them. Kerosene is sprayed over the fruit, while children die of rickets; hogs are butchered and buried in quick lime, while men and women starve in the streets; potatoes are thrown into the river and guards shoot at those who try to reach them. The smell of the rotten fruit fills the land. The smell of the rot fills the country. And in the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are swelling for the harvest.

• • •

### *The Yearling*

Esther E. Matthews, '40

HAVE YOU ever hoarded a book? Read it slowly, chapter by chapter, to prolong the delightful sensations produced by it? *The Yearling* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings is such a book. It is a simple story of simple people, of poor folks living in the Florida wilderness, struggling to wrest a miserable living from the soil and the woods.

The boy, Jody Baxter, is the most interesting character. His marvelous, understanding love of nature is remarkable. He becomes one of the most appealing characters in literature through his appreciation of beauty and his delicate awareness of nature. His love of nature is the theme of many of the most beautiful passages in the book, for Jody, like most boys, would much rather go off in the woods than hoe corn. He did just that, when his mother's watchful eye was not upon him. Jody is lying in the woods—"He stretched out one arm and laid his head upon it. A shaft of sunlight, warm and thin like a light patchwork quilt, lay across his body. He watched the flutter-mill indolently, sunk in the sand and the sunlight. The movement was hypnotic. His eyelids fluttered with the palm leaf paddles. Drops of silver slipping from the wheel blurred together like the tail of a shooting star. The water made a sound like kittens lapping. A rain frog sang a moment, then was still. There was an instant when the boy hung at the edge of a high bank made of the soft fluff of broom-sage, and the rain frog and the starry dripping of the flutter-mill hung with him. Instead of falling over the edge, he sank into the softness. The blue, white-tufted sky closed over him. He slept.

"When he awakened, he thought he was in a place other than the branch bed. He was in another world, so that for an instant he thought he might still be dreaming. The world was all a gentle grey, and he lay in a mist as fine as spray from a waterfall. The mist tickled his skin. It was scarcely wet. It was at once warm and cool. He rolled over on his back and it was as though he looked up into the soft grey breast of a mourning dove."



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This little boy of Miss Rawling's imagination had much in common with Edna St. Vincent Millay in his love of nature and its moving power. "A spring of delight boiled up within him as irresistibly as the spring of the branch. He lifted his arms and held them straight from his shoulders like a water-turkey's wings. He began to whirl around in his tracks. He whirled faster and faster until his ecstasy was a whirlpool, and when he thought he would explode with it, he became dizzy and closed his eyes and dropped to the ground and lay flat in the broom-sage. The earth whirled under him and in him. He was light-headed and giddy, but something in him was relieved, and the April day could be borne again."

Miss Millay expresses the same ecstasy—do you remember? In her "Renescence." How Jody Baxter would have loved her poem on the fawn!

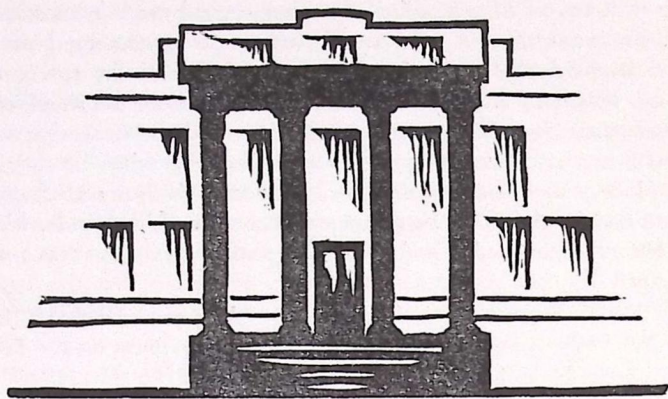
"He lay, yet there he lay,

Asleep on the moss, his head on his polished cleft small ebony hooves"

There is a restfulness in the slow, musical drawl of the people. Yet the book is not all peaceful. There is the catastrophe of Penny Baxter, Jody's father, being bitten by a huge rattler. There are the disastrous forays of the wolves and the old bear on the Baxter livestock. The appalling flood, failure of the crops, disease of the animals of the forest. But the principal tragedy of the book is that Jody inevitably grows up. His maturity is brought about by the death of the lovely but destructive fawn which had been his pet, to ease his loneliness. But to those who have come to love him he will be eternally young, walking eagerly through the forest with his beloved fawn gamboling by his side. He will become a Pan-like spirit beckoning us away from our mechanical civilization to the ecstasy he has known.







W. S. T. C.  
**We're Saying On This Campus**

Speaking of the war in Europe, and who isn't . . . that notice posted on the bulletin board: "Lost—*Civilization Francaise*" comes too close to the truth for our peace of mind.

\* \* \*

Not that we wish her any harm—but the whole school rejoiced when one of the Dick twins got glasses. At last we had a way of telling them apart. The trouble is, now we can never remember which one wears the glasses.

\* \* \*

Don't ever say that S.T.C. girls aren't always willing to oblige. In its will, made public in June, the Class of '39 bequeathed to Mr. Osborne "a classful of mathematicians instead of a handful." Sure enough September brought him fifteen math

majors in the class of '42 — more students majoring in math than ever before.

\* \* \*

A few weeks ago Clifford Barbour of One Man's Family had quite a bit of trouble in finding a girl to take out, because all of his former girl friends were married. But he's not the only one in that predicament. Genevieve Antoniewicz telephoned a friend whom she had not seen for two months to invite him to the Senior-Sophomore Hop. She wondered why he greeted her so affectionately—and then discovered to her horror that he had mistaken her for his brand new little wife.

\* \* \*

The freshmen always seem to have their troubles. Mary O'Neil encoun-



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

tered one of them coming out of Dr. Farnsworth's room with such a mournful expression that Mary, seeing a sheaf of papers in the girl's hand, immediately divined the cause of her tears.

"Never mind," she comforted her. "No one ever passes Dr. Farnsworth's tests anyway. Besides, this is only your first."

She looked at the mark on the paper; it was only an A-.

\* \* \*

S.T.C. mourns the passing of the tall evergreen on the campus. Struck by lightning this summer, it was the second tree of its kind to go in the space of a year. We have a feeling of emptiness when we look out the front windows and see the bare knoll on which the fallen giant once stood.

\* \* \*

The hurricane is a thing of the past, but the staging decorating the front of our building has not allowed us to forget it. The suggestion has come in that we be publicity-wise and call in *Life's* photographer to picture our girls tearing down the eye-sore, but the idea has not been very popular. The freshmen were considerably bothered by the purpose of the structure until one knowing senior solemnly assured them that the upper classmen are wont to climb over the staging for exercise in their spare time.

\* \* \*

We don't like to give away per-

sonal secrets, but we couldn't help overhearing Norine Ford the other day when she confided to a friend, "I'm taking Wertenbaker out tonight."

\* \* \*

The trip which the American History group took to historical Boston was a red-letter day in our experience, and we advise the freshmen not to miss it if Dr. Winslow decides to conduct the tour again next year. We learned that even after all these years the Americans can't win at Bunker Hill, because the two hundred and ninety-three steps (yes, we counted them) completely conquered us. It was pretty hard to reach the top, and the trouble was that after we got there, we had to come down again. We rested in the bus on the way to the Harvard Museum, but when the time came to get out of the bus, one of our budding psychologists simply couldn't do it.

"My feet are inhibited!" she groaned.

All the girls had eyed the weather anxiously, and we were considerably cheered when the sun came out just before we reached Westboro, where we were to pick up Claire Malone. Claire was waiting, an umbrella in her hand.

"What in the world do you want that for?" demanded the crowd.

Claire surveyed the sky. "Oh, well," she said hopefully, "it may rain yet."



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

Confucius Sigel says:  
Two kinds people  
He who pass exams.  
He who pass out.  
Change be pleasant for ear if  
S.T.C. girl whisper in cafeteria and  
scream in library.

\* \* \*

Thanksgiving Note—  
Things to be thankful for:  
Miss Roe's new chairs.

The World Series created quite a sensation among our baseball-loving faculty. Mr. Osborne was seen roaming from car to car on the parking lot, searching for a radio, and Dr. Shaw was bemoaning the fact that he could not find one either. Even the janitors, who are always so obliging about everything, could not fill the bill.

• • •

## What Poetry Means To Me

*Christine Flynn, '43*

POETRY has a way of meaning different things to different people at different times. From my first memory, it was a realization of the skill the writer possessed in expressing a thought neatly, within the confines of a few chosen lines. Later I wondered why anyone would write in poetic form when he might have used prose to cloak his thoughts.

Just recently the answer came, and in a practical way, while I was wholly occupied with another thought. I had just finished a long problem in algebra that had involved considerable "scratch" work. There were a number of papers thus decorated on the desk; and looking at them, I thought how fortunate for the teacher that it was proper to hand in the finished work without the scribbles. No need to burden him with each figure painstakingly used towards a solution.

And there was my answer in a flash! Poetry is the neat solution the writer has found after much thinking and feeling. It explains itself. If not clear to you at the first reading, you may go over it again and again until the poet's thought works through your understanding.

Can we not then think of poetry as an answer from which we must work back to a question? We may discard many "scratch" thoughts before we feel satisfied at having properly interpreted the poem and the poet's reason for writing it.



## Freshman Directory

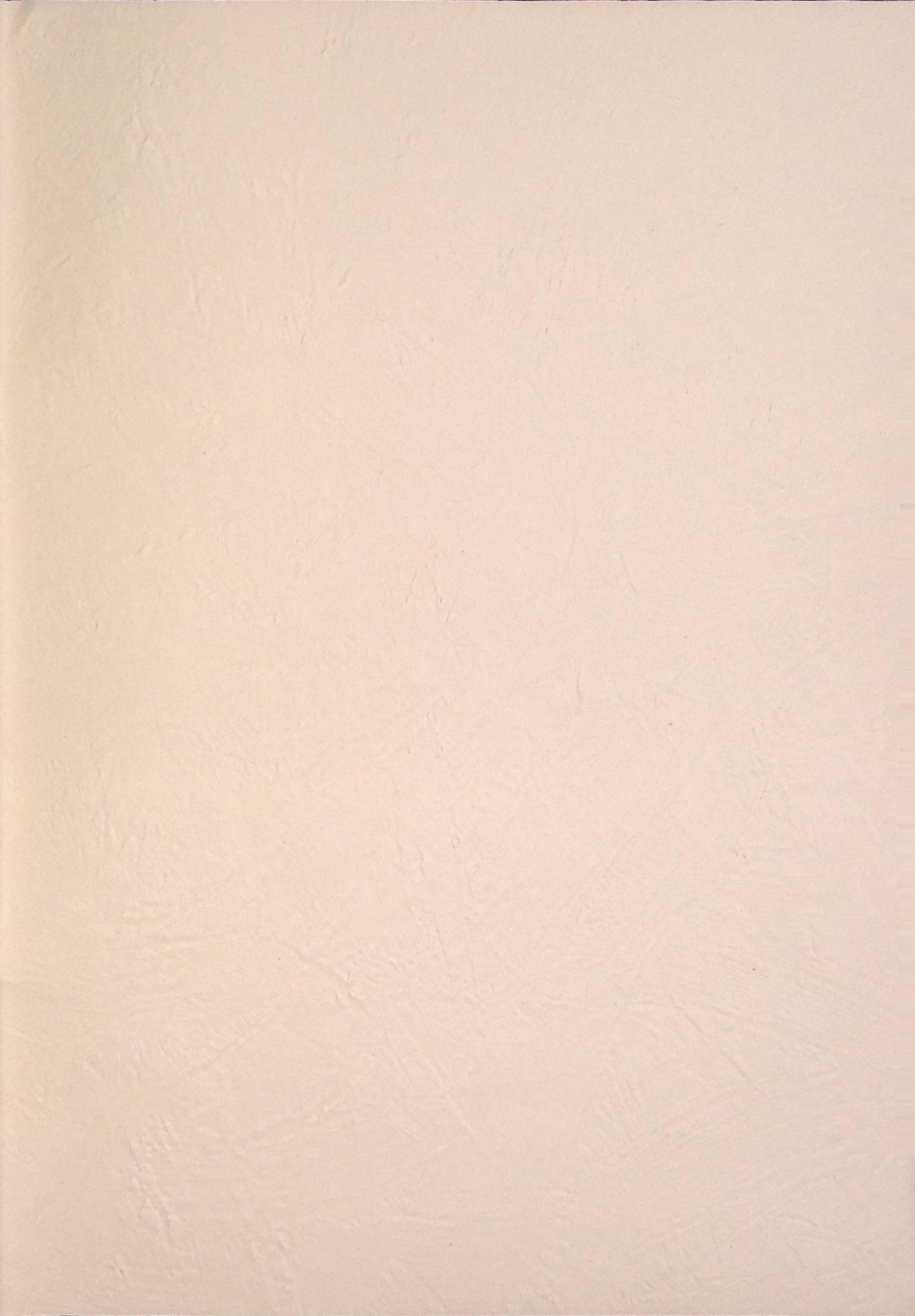
*Since the Handbook is prepared before the close of the college year, the Freshman Class is necessarily without a directory in it. The QUARTERLY REVIEW hopes that the freshmen will find the directory herewith presented of use throughout this year.*

Ackley, Margaret L.,	2 Dale Street, Rochdale
Beckwith, Doris E.,	Melrose Street, Boylston
Bell, Dorothy L.,	57 Bancroft Park, Hopedale
Benoit, Doris M.,	30 Church St., Spencer
Boyden, Jeanne N.,	180 Pleasant Street, Leominster
Brown, Olive H.,	32 Hermitage Lane, Worcester
Bullard, Miriam N.,	10 Forest Street, Milford
Buxbaum, Francis L.,	45 Wellington Hill Street, Mattapan
Campbell, Jean L.,	Merriam Rd., Rochdale
Carlson, Roberta C.,	2 Dodge Ave., Worcester
Craig, Virginia,	Richards Avenue, Paxton
Cunningham, Mary M. C.,	560 Pleasant Street, Paxton
Dabrila, Eleanor V.,	157 West Street, Worcester
Dean, Mary L.,	1 Freeland Street, Worcester
DeMille, Mary E.,	5 Grove Street, Framingham
Dunn, Isabel F.,	480 Sunderland Road, Worcester
Donahue, Mary J.,	31 Freeland Street, Worcester
Fleming, Mary F.,	21 Abington Street, Worcester
Flynn, Christine E.,	10 Grand Street, Worcester
Galvin, Mary M.,	87 Perry Avenue, Worcester
Gannon, Mary V.	7 Jaques Avenue, Worcester
Grogan, Helen A.,	129 Vernon Street, Worcester
Hadley, Sarah,	55 Cherry Street, Spencer
Hunt, Gertrude F.,	114A Paine Street, Worcester
Horan, Margaret M.,	16 Brook Street, Whitinsville
Kiessling, Winifred C.,	3 Gibbon Avenue, Milford
Lapinskas, Aldonna,	83 Penn Avenue, Worcester
LaRochelle, Genevieve H.,	West Main Street, Dudley
Leary, Catherine E.,	13 Jefferson Street, Worcester
Lenk, Elizabeth P.,	78 Locust Street, Cherry Valley
Lipnick, Esther,	29 Mt. Pleasant Street, Webster



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Macewicz, Agrippina A.,	47 Vernon Street, Worcester
McAuliffe, Mary E.,	30 Hackfeld Road, Worcester
McCurn, Ruth L.,	68 Chatham Street, Worcester
McAuliffe, Anne T.,	66 Fruit Street, Worcester
McNamara, Barbara M.,	10 Clegg Street, Worcester
Monahan, Ruth F.,	42 Wayne Street, Worcester
Morin, Paula J.,	512 Massasoit Street, Worcester
O'Brien, Katherine L.,	Southern Avenue, Essex
Overlander, Charlotte A.,	168 Dana Avenue, Worcester
Relihan, Kathleen F.,	33 Iowa Street, Worcester
Robert, Rosemary M.,	Rocky Hill Road, Oxford
Robinson, Mary C.,	191 West Street, Leominster
Salvinolo, Eva P.,	55 Central Street, Southbridge
Scarpaci, Florence M.,	134 Ingleside Avenue, Worcester
Small, Ruth A.,	Main Street, Wilkinsonville
Stafford, Kathryn,	275 Prospect Street, Auburn
Staples, Dorothy,	Phillips Road, Holden
Sullivan, Frances A.,	118 Endicott Street, Worcester
Sullivan, Elizabeth M.,	Center Street, Millville
Swenson, Dorothy,	12 Woodland Avenue, Southbridge
Swenson, Phyllis,	12 Woodland Avenue, Southbridge
Syverson, Doris E.,	32 Hope Street, Millville
Vranos, Effie,	127 Highland Street, Worcester
Wales, Phyllis,	Intervale Road, Rutland









JANUARY 1940

# *Quarterly Review*

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
AT WORCESTER







## Quarterly Review

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Volume 6

January 1940

Number 2

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*Linoleum Cut, page 10, by Doris Johnson, '42*

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# *The Quarterly Review*

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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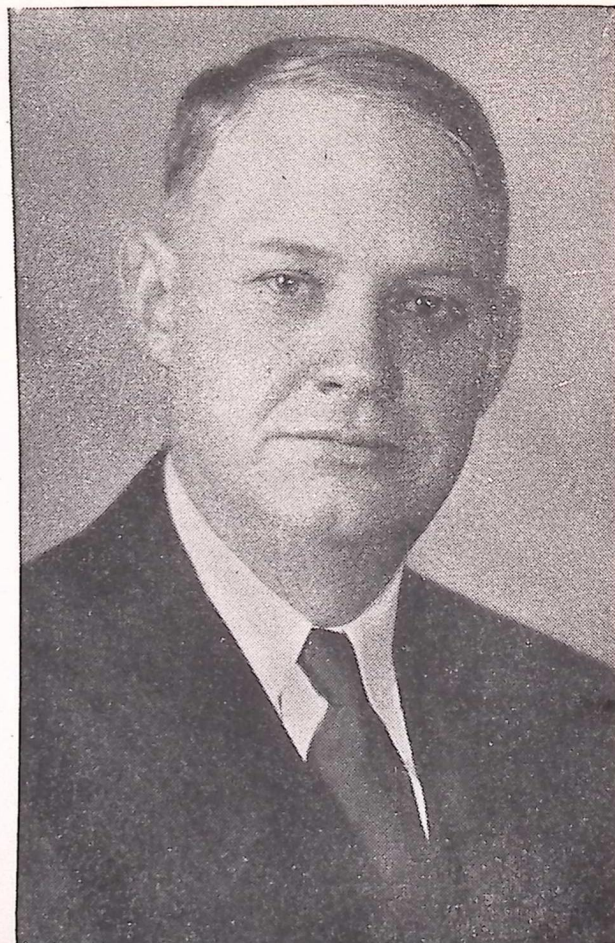
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DR. WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL

MR. CLINTON E. CARPENTER





## Editorial

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### *Ave Atque Vale*

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a college has a change of administration. One becomes so used to the existing order of things that such a disturbance seems to be a major upheaval. And when it meant the resignation of Dr. Aspinwall, that was a blow indeed. Our college and Dr. Aspinwall were synonymous—we did not see how the two could part. How could we have morning chapel without Dr. Aspinwall announcing the songs? How could we do without his Tuesday and Thursday talks that built up little by little a philosophy of education and of life for us—built it so imperceptibly that we did not realize ourselves that we had one?

Dr. Aspinwall endeared himself to the girls. To a poor lowly freshman he would seem far removed. But as she progressed through her sophomore and junior years, she discovered that Dr. Aspinwall was always approachable—that any problem that she might have could be carried directly to him, and that he always lent a friendly, sympathetic ear. In some mysterious way he learned the identity of each girl at the college, and one of his most enduring satisfactions, he would tell us, was to watch the students who entered as hesitant, immature freshmen grow into young women skilled in their profession, at ease on the lecture platform and in the direction of large groups of people. This is one of the educative values of our college to be most prized. Every freshman who enters S.T.C. and gazes in awe at the poised assurance of her senior sister can feel sure that in the passage of three years, she too, will be as self-reliant, as confident. The student, as well as the president, enjoys full realization of her growing ability.

This personal interest of Dr. Aspinwall was shown in many ways. He emphasized to us the fact that in teaching, one deals with the highest type of colleague, and that contacts in the profession are always most congenial. We discovered this for ourselves in contacts made at conferences and when out apprenticing; but even in our own college, the President's leadership in friendly informality fostered the same spirit between faculty and student. This closer co-operation creates a bond which makes us want to work together here at S.T.C. We do not feel an undue restraining influence, for the faculty respects our opinions and suggestions, and we in turn are glad to have theirs. Especially in extra-curricular activities do we enjoy the opportunity for closer acquaintance with our instructors. This is as much a part of our education



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as any classroom work, as only students at a small college such as ours may realize.

Dr. Aspinwall was very fond of telling us that we are a selected group. Perhaps the phrase means very little when one first hears it, but as you think about it, you realize how apt it is. We come, more or less, from families of a similar conomic level—not wealthy, of course!—but having enough for a comfortable living. We all have the same purpose in mind, that is, to prepare for teaching; and intellectually we find that we must all be capable of a high average of work in order to remain here. Consequently the friendships we form at the College mean a great deal to us. It is not often that one finds a group whose members think and act so much alike. And so, when the QUARTERLY REVIEW expresses its feeling of deep regret at Dr. Aspinwall's resignation, we know that we express the feeling uppermost in every girl's mind.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW extends cordial greetings to our new President, Mr. Clinton E. Carpenter, who began his duties on January 2. We assure him of the hearty co-operation of the students of the College, and our whole-hearted support of his administration. He comes to us with a conspicuous professional equipment that includes a wide acquaintance with the work of teacher-training in several of the teachers colleges of the Commonwealth; a broad experience in administration as director of training at North Adams and at Fitchburg; a superior achievement in scientific training, and many attractive personal qualities that make for confidence and efficient leadership.

A graduate of the State Teachers College at Bridgewater, a graduate student at Boston University, and the holder of the degree of Master of Education, he can speak with authority on matters that concern teacher-training and on education in general. He finds here a loyal student-body, ambitious to achieve the best in their preparation for teaching, proudly conscious of the privileges offered them by their Alma Mater, and eager to contribute to her fine record by their own scholarly accomplishments and their professional service. We offer him a warm welcome and wish for him a full measure of success and great personal satisfaction. We join with him in the hope and the confidence that the aims and standards of the State Teachers College will ever be maintained under his guidance on the same high level that they have been held for so many years.



## *Tribute To Dr. Aspinwall*

Written and read before the faculty by Dr. Averill upon announcement  
of the President's resignation.

THE FACULTY of the Worcester State Teachers College, in meeting assembled this 20th day of November, 1939, hereby express our profound regret that our President, Dr. William Billings Aspinwall, has announced his intention to retire from the State service on December 31st, 1939. Dr. Aspinwall has been a pioneer and a leader in the enlightened training of teachers for the schools of this Commonwealth for more than a quarter of a century, and his going from our midst will leave the educational leadership of the State less effective, and ourselves of the Worcester State Teachers College Faculty distinctly the poorer.

More, unquestionably, than any other one man in the educational service, Dr. Aspinwall sensed early the importance of a broader and more effective course of study for the teacher training institutions, and from the first took the leadership in promoting and eventually instituting it. The evolution of the traditional Massachusetts normal school, with its abbreviated course and its inadequate curriculum, into the present teachers college, with its full college course, its bachelor's degree, and its modernized, culturalized curriculum, represents in very large measure the evolution of the idea in the mind of our President. He has been indefatigable in fostering the transformation of these institutions, and has not been turned aside from his purpose either by the laissez-faire policy or by the actual opposition of those who would have been content to allow teacher-training in Massachusetts to continue in the conventional grooves in which it was carried on during the nineteenth and the first two decades of the twentieth century.

We honor our President for his progressive, forward-looking educational philosophy and practical achievements in educational administration. We honor him, too, for his sterling personal qualities; for his friendliness and humaneness, and for his inspiring leadership in this College through the years. As a Faculty, we record our profound respect for the ideals and principles he has enunciated and exemplified; our gratitude for the unrestricted academic freedom he has accorded us; and our bright hope that in retirement he may find a full meed of those blessings and benefits which he so eminently deserves. Emerson's insightful observation that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man finds no happier nor truer application than it does among us here at the Worcester State Teachers College in the directing genius and the sustaining wisdom of the retiring President of the institution: Dr. William Billings Aspinwall.

Unanimously voted, and spread upon our records this 20th day of November, 1939.



## Open Forum

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### American Thunder

Rita Galipeau, '42

THIS ARTICLE is written in an attempt to clarify the vast significance of "Socialized Medicine." There is no doubt in the minds of those who understand the situation in its entirety that a storm of controversy is near. Already we hear its thunder and interpret its meaning according to our knowledge; the timid fear it, the optimistic welcome it as bringing relief, and the Jeremiahs warn us of destruction. Obviously, the best thing to do is to get a clear picture of the issue and its bearing on American people. I stress this last point because it has often been the practice of persons to compare us with the Europeans—whom we do not resemble.

As a starting point, let us consider the National Health Bill presented to Congress by Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York. The people favoring this legislation see in it the advancement of good medical care to people who, at the present time, cannot afford its services. The cost of emergency medical care has been a constant threat to the average American family. The poor people have free clinics and charity, the rich have enough to pay for medical care, but the mass of the people haven't money enough to provide for sudden, overwhelming sickness and accidents, nor can they receive aid from the clinics because they either have property or a steady income. In response to this situation there have been started several insurances against sickness which have been applied to these people, and this distributes the cost of medical care on a large scale, thereby reducing the cost of medical service to a low rate per month. These insurances do not, however, cover the doctor's bill.

Group medicine has been tried in some communities. The Ross-Loos clinic in Los Angeles is a good example. The participants in this plan have agreed to pay \$2.68 a month for all medical services including hospitalization, doctors' fees, laboratory and x-ray service, home care, medicine, and emergency treatment. But this plan doesn't take care of those who cannot afford \$2.68 a month. It is a proved fact that the lower the income, the greater the chances of sickness and accidents. There are three thousand counties in the United States that are without registered hospitals. Only two percent of the cities with a population of 10,000 or under have free clinics. Yet more than fifty percent of the families with low incomes live in small communities or in rural districts. Poor health makes public dependents of many persons.



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Therefore, contend the people supporting the Wagner Bill, their health and community health is a government problem. This bill says that if the individual states wish to provide improvement in medical service by State insurances or by State medical aid the Federal government will give them financial assistance. This plan looks well on paper but will it work in a practical way? In the first place, how will the Federal and State governments receive the money to finance this project? By taxes! The real burden of taxation falls on the middle class people and on the rich. The former is the very one the government intends to help by economy—medical economy; the latter needs no medical aid because it is financially capable of helping itself. In order to show some of the dangers of socialized medicine, let me cite the arguments given by the American Medical Association. (These are not directly quoted).

1. This plan presages compulsory health insurance which in itself is un-American, since we stand for freedom, and it certainly isn't freedom to be forced to join an insurance company.
2. High cost of insurance to the average citizen already overburdened with fixed costs.
3. The danger of malingering—that is, feigning injury or illness. This could easily be done since the fear of costly medical bills has been removed. It might be possible for people to collect damages on an independent company's insurance, such as an accident policy and thus the person could be receiving free hospitalization and suing another company at the same time. There are persons now who make a living suing insurance companies, and this danger would be increased.
4. The extension of beureaucracy and the danger that the State controlled medical project might become a political instrument.
5. Inferior medicine would result without deterioration of our high medical standards.
6. General medical care is already available.

Judging from these arguments presented by men who can foresee the far-reaching effects of this plan, shouldn't we be wiser to improve the service we now have, than to organize a "Middleman" who with his assistants (paid by the taxpayers) will dole out the very thing we now have? True, we have a great many loop-holes in the present system, but with the greater education, understanding, and co-operation of the general public, such defects could be rectified. "Socialized medicine" would be ideal if it were practical. It is noble



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to want to help people, but is this plan a real aid to the public, or would it too require "pump priming," and bring with it the dangers mentioned above?

Consider too, the doctor's role in this project. He spends eight years in college—passes a rigid State examination to receive his degree. Then he must spend a year or two as an interne in a registered hospital. He is then considered capable of taking his own patients. He spends a grueling decade learning to rely upon his own judgment. Is it fair to make him a State employee, to be told how, when, and where to practise? Should you like to be told that you would have to go to Dr. Brown to be treated because you live in Ward 10, even though you prefer to go to Dr. Louis who perhaps is a friend of the family? This situation may sound fantastic, but so does Nazi Germany—yet it exists.

It is the lightning not the thunder which does the damage. This black controversy on a subject so close to every person is good; it will undoubtedly open eyes to conditions in this field, and when the public is enlightened, improvements take place.





## S. J. C. Echoes

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My love for teaching has grown with the years; it is an absorbing, engrossing profession.—DR. ASPINWALL, Chapel, December 5, 1939.

• • •

"... as inevitable as a pay cut. . ."—MR. JONES, Latin Class.

• • •

Read about the drama; it's a fascinating subject. . . . If you can't go to New York, you can at least talk intelligently . . . know the types of plays . . . something about the people who write them.—MRS. AVERILL, December Meeting, Literary Club.

• • •

I wanted my wife, who is a Canadian, to come with me, since she knows more about Canada than I do, but we have a working agreement which lets me do all the talking outside while she does it all at home.—MR. TREVOR LLOYD, 42N-71W Club.

• • •

I have always loved *Little Women*, but the author, Louisa May Alcott, has meant even more to me than her story. One cannot but admire her dauntless spirit.—MR. EDWARD PAYNE, Assembly, November 27, 1939.

• • •

I am keenly interested in knowing this student body . . . each one of you. . . . I hope that I can be your friend—MR. CARPENTER, Chapel, December 12, 1939.

• • •

The National Youth Administration is doing a great work in helping young people to find their place in the scheme of things . . . yet in no case has it taken positions that would be filled anyway . . . the young folks get their training in public institutions that could not afford to pay regular job-holders . . . a good number of them find work in private industry after their stay with the N.Y.A.—MISS FLORENCE AHERN, '37 Kappa Delta Pi—Honor Night.

• • •

In commenting on our Monday Christmas program, Dr. Gracey remarked to me that he never saw an angel in high heels before. . . . My suggestion to him would be that he open his eyes and look around!—DR. ASPINWALL, Chapel, December 15, 1939.



## At the Carnival

*Elinor Bird, '40*

THE GYM is pretty tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes, the Winter Carnival idea is certainly a novel one. The special decorations transform it into a winter paradise."

"There doesn't seem to be much of a crowd here, though. Do you see any boys that you know?"

"No, no one so far. The crowd usually arrives late. Lots of the boys plan on arriving late. I know my brother does."

"Well! I'm not going to sit here all night waiting for someone to ask me to dance. Let's dance together."

"Oh no! I'd rather not. I never have. I don't think it looks nice. Let's look for my brother."

"No. Come on. Forget your principles for one night. After all, we've got to let them know we're here. Look at that girl dancing by. What has she got that we haven't? That color combination is terrible. We've at least got new dresses to show. Let's show them. That's what we wore them for."

"Well, just one dance. I think it looks rather obvious if two girls dance together."

"Oh, come on, for heaven's sake! . . . The orchestra certainly is smooth, isn't it? It's like being in heaven to float along this dance floor to that divine music."

"Yes, the song is pretty. Don't you think we've danced enough?"

"Of course not, Silly. Don't you see that group of boys looking at us? Do the bend. We'll show them. This is my only way to get a dance. Get up and show them that you can do any step. Smile."

"I feel too conspicuous now."

"Oh, forget it. Twist, turn, bend, lum-dee-dum. Again. Boy! We're doing all right together."

"Let's sit down."

"No. We're bound to get a dance. Look at some of the girls who are dancing. They look as if they were walking on pins and needles."

"Well, they probably don't like their partners."

"Oh, bosh. Any partner is all right for one dance."

"Oh, I don't think so. There are some boys here I wouldn't think of dancing with."

"Your ideas are old-maidish anyhow! I never saw anyone like you. You come to a dance and you don't want to dance."

"I don't want to argue with you, but I certainly didn't come here to dance with you!"



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"Well! You'll never get a dance sitting with your hands folded on the sidelines. Step on it. We're near the stage line. Smile."

"I don't feel like smiling. Let's sit down after this song is over."

"Perk up! It's only the second number. The dance isn't over until one o'clock. Oh, oh! Look at the handsome boy approaching on the left. Now if he asks me to dance, you just say "Excuse me," and go over and sit under the left balcony. I'll meet you there."

"All right. I'll be glad to get off the floor. . . What? Why, yes, I'd love to dance. Excuse me, Jane. Oh, there's my brother John, and he's heading this way. You'll be sure to dance now. Well, I'll see you under the left balcony. It certainly is a lovely dance, isn't it?"

### • • • War Adventure

*One of the youngest captains on the Atlantic coast is Milton Reece, Mr. Pauli's twenty-nine year old son-in-law. Mr. Reece is a graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical Training Ship, Nantucket. When his tanker, the R. G. Stewart was two days out of LeHavre, France, Mr. Reece was eye-witness to a naval battle that is typical of this Second World War. He described the whole battle very vividly and carefully in a letter to Mr. Pauli. Because we wish to make our QUARTERLY REVIEW truly representative of its time, and because we felt that it is of general interest, we have, with Mr. Pauli's kind permission, included the letter in this issue.*

WHILE EN ROUTE to Caripito, Venezuela, after having discharged a cargo of crude oil at Le Havre, France, a submarine was sighted, partly submerged, at noon September 11th, 210 miles W x S from Bishop's Rock Light-house. The sub headed for us and made a signal for us to send a boat and for the Captain to bring his papers. Of course they knew our nationality as we had flags flying and huge flags painted on the side. Apparently we didn't stop soon enough to suit him, and at 12:25 p.m. he fired a shot across the bow. We stopped and made ready to lower a boat but the sub went around on the weather side and disappeared in a fog bank.

While we were looking for him, we sighted a loaded tanker coming up heading directly towards us at 12:44 p.m. but we were powerless to do anything. When the tanker saw us he became suspicious and tried to run away, but the fog cleared just then and the sub fired at him. He hoisted an Irish flag and kept going. The sub fired three more shells, all of which fell short so that we thought he couldn't get the range, but then he fired two more shells, one of which went right over the bridge of the Inverliffey. Meanwhile the Inverliffey (as the ship turned out to be) was radioing for help,



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

but as the sub was gaining, the Inverliffey gave up the chase, stopped, and lowered a boat, and the Captain went over to the sub with his papers. The sub commander examined the papers, then told the Master that despite the neutral flag, the vessel was carrying contraband to a belligerent and would have to be destroyed. She was loaded with aviation gas bound from Trinidad, B.W.I. to London. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew had abandoned the Inverliffey and at 2:05 p.m. the sub fired a torpedo at her. We could very plainly see the torpedo as it skipped along the water, and as it struck, the ship burst instantly into one huge flame from bow to stern. Had there been anyone on board he would never have had a chance. During this time the Captain's boat from the Inverliffey was right in the path of the flames which were drifting down onto it, so the submarine went over and took the crew out of the boat, telling them that he would bring them to us but that if a plane or warship showed up they would have to jump overboard so he could submerge. The Captain of the tanker told him he had no life belt and the sub commander furnished him with one.

The sub soon came nearer to us and signaled for us to send a boat. I then lowered one of our boats, and taking our Captain and his papers on board, rowed over to the submarine which was partly submerged with the crew on deck. It was quite large and very sleek. The commander saluted very smartly (no Heil Hitler business there) and asked me to take the survivors on board and to tell the captain to pick up two more boatloads of survivors from the tanker. He was extremely polite and spoke very good English. What struck me most was the youthfulness of the submarine crew. I doubt if the commander was over 25 years old, and the crew seemed to be younger. Naturally our captain didn't make his identity known, not wishing to have to produce his papers unless necessary, but apparently the German was satisfied and anxious to get away before warships might come, and he didn't ask for them. We returned to our ship and at 3:45 p.m. had picked up the remainder of the survivors, 45 in all, all of whom were accounted for. The crew was Chinese with British officers and apprentices.

As we were outward bound and did not wish to return, we sent out a call for some ship to take the survivors and land them. Our call was answered by the American freighter City of Joliet. At 5:00 p.m. we sighted the freighter and at 5:50 p.m. she stopped about one-half mile off from us. We lowered a boat again and began taking the rescued crew over to the City of Joliet. We made three trips to complete the transfer and had transferred the entire crew at 7:25 p.m. We then proceeded on our voyage. The torpedoed ship was still afloat and burning brightly and wasn't lost sight of until 2:00 a.m. when about 70 miles away.



*Let Me Drink From the Waters of Lethe*    *Esther Lipnick, '43*

Let me drink from the waters of Lethe  
And forget;  
Let me fill my soul with that sweet draught  
And without regret  
Seek escape from this bewilderment.  
I stood by helplessly and saw the waters rising,  
Surging upward unsurpressed,  
I stood by and saw a people bowing  
Before its foaming crest.  
Their tears were salt within my mouth  
I taste them yet  
I see the streets of Warsaw proud  
Pockmarked—  
A pestilence has broken through its walls.  
And the far Yangtze resounds with the moans  
Of famished souls  
Of broken hearts and broken bodies  
Of helpless humanity.  
The axe, the plow, the spinner's wheel  
They've been ex-communicated.  
The gun's the newest plaything now.  
(A killer's lust must be satiated)  
The world made gory by madmen's desires  
Becomes a crimson slaughterhouse  
Infested with hate and prejudice,  
And men  
The butchers' wares.  
I've cried my fill and oh, it's no use;  
I'm weary and bewildered,  
Bewildered—  
Of what's right, what's wrong.  
Let me drink from the waters of Lethe and forget.



## Army! Army!

Ruth Brennan, '42

AT LAST, after hours of anticipation since I had received my almost unbelievable invitation, I was on my way to a place I had only dreamed of visiting — West Point. That evening, while stopping over in a Danbury, Connecticut hotel after my long drive, all sorts of ideas were running through my brain. . . . What will it be like? Can it really happen? And then in the morning I was back in a world of reality, hurrying like most Americans to my destination.

On entering the gate I drove to the Thayer West Point Inn, which overlooks the famous Hudson and which resembles a castle in Gothic style. After a hurried unpacking I was anxious to view the campus and the cadets. My prayer was answered too soon. As I was driving down the grade from the inn, I was stopped unexpectedly by a young man in uniform. He was a patrol officer, and he delivered to me a well-prepared oration which went something like this: "Young lady, you're going to be here for a few days, and you might as well learn right here and now that there are certain rules to be carried out. You must come to a complete stop at an intersection and point in the direction in which you wish to go." As he spoke I kept my eyes glued to his, and when he finished I thanked him humbly. You wouldn't mind, but he stopped me before I was even at the intersection. How did he know I wouldn't stop?

Proceeding up the boulevard on my sight-seeing trip, I first noticed several children dressed like cadets, and later referred to as officer's "brats." Facing the Hudson along the boulevard were many beautiful officers' homes, all built in a similar style. Further on was a group of gray Gothic buildings, a most impressive sight. Among these was the famous Grant Hall, where the cadets meet their friends. The lounge of this hall has a marvelously carved ceiling, and on its walls are oil paintings of great generals. The whole room is lavishly furnished. There amid all the splendor my escort appeared. I was so excited! Everything in me seemed to be bubbling over. He looked very handsome in his natty uniform; for the uniform does seem to make quite a difference. He appeared to me to be a new individual. One cadet told me that unless he was in uniform, he was regarded only as a Fuller brush salesman.

With my escort, who was not in the performing battalions, I viewed the machine-like precision of the West Point cadets as they marched over the magnificent campus for the Saturday Drill. It was an impressive sight—long gray lines of erect cadets with white gloved hands, rifles at their shoulders glistening in the sun, wearing high "tarbucket" hats which bore jaunty pompons and which were emblazoned with the Academy crest.



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The remainder of the afternoon I spent in the Michie Stadium watching the Army-Furman game. Here I was pleased to see the co-operative spirit among the cadets, and I had a grand time observing many well-dressed young ladies of different types. Everyone joined in the singing of the Army songs, and in the end the Army team carried the day.

After the game I visited the Cadet Chapel, which stands majestically high above the barracks. A replica of King Arthur's sword *Excalibur* carved in stone hangs over the entrance. I also noticed beautifully carved ornaments representing the quest of the Holy Grail all around the Chapel.

I returned to the Inn to dress for dinner and the Hop, and it was not until then that I had an opportunity to appreciate at my leisure the real beauty of my room and its surroundings. From my window I could see the corral, and as I have always loved horses, it really thrilled me to see these well-groomed animals standing at perfect attention. In my formal gown I went to the main dining room where I joined a group of girls who represented all the States in the Union. I felt myself a part of something big and exciting.

After dinner I met my "Prince Charming" in his dress uniform—forty-two brass buttons and white gloves. Tails seemed quite ordinary after that. We then went to the gymnasium to the Hop, where I was received by the high Army officials who were chaperoning the dance. One of the interesting things I noticed at the Hop was that all the girls left their evening bags in the powder room upon a table covered with satin pillows. It was indeed thrilling to think that so many young people from all over the United States were having one glorious time together. The gowns were all very lovely, and although the young men were dressed alike, it was evident that each possessed much individuality. My friend was a marvelous dancer, and we did twenty-five different dance steps together that evening, something I'd always wanted to do. Of course the cadets have special lessons in ballroom dancing as part of their training, and I had an opportunity to try out many cadets because of the custom of cutting in.

That night was "boodle night," a West Point term which means that all refreshments are on the house—a very rare treat for the young men. We all ate as much as we possibly could of ice cream, cakes, punch, and cookies. Then I had to drive my escort to his rooms (yes, it did seem queer), nor could we sit in the car for even two minutes to talk over our good time. Any cadet thus found may be accused of "parking," and be penalized accordingly. My escort forgot all about this little rule until suddenly, much to my amazement, he jumped out of the car. Our good nights were cut short, but the memory of my good time never will be.



HORACE, LIBER I - ODE III

Goddess of Cypra divine,  
Twin stars of the heavens, benign  
Father of winds, rule, I pray,  
That none but the Iapygian may  
The turbulent Ionian roll.  
O vessel in whom has been cast  
The fate of my Virgil, at last  
On the Atlantic shore let him stand,  
Unharm'd on the welcoming land,  
My brother, the half of my soul. . . .

In oak and triple brass his soul was clad,  
Who ventured first upon the lonely sea  
In his frail craft, nor fear Africus mad,  
Stormy Aquilo, Notus' wild glee—  
No mightier master whips the waves to foam,  
Nor rules them into quietness than he.  
Can he then fear the steady pace of Death,  
Who sees dry-eyed the monsters of the sea,  
And gazes quietly with even breath  
At the Acroceraunian rocks' quick treachery?  
A prudent god has cut the lands apart  
By the estranging ocean; he is mad,  
His hand is impious, and black his heart,  
Whose drifting sail the careful gods forbade.  
To all advice man turns a deafened ear;  
The gods forsake his side who will not hear.

Prometheus, urged onward by desire  
To rob the gods' hearth of its sacred flame,  
Lost his own soul when he obtained the fire,  
And met his death in suffering and shame.  
Inventive Daedalus fell from the sky:  
His wings were wax; man was not made to fly.  
There is no task too rash for Man to try,  
In foolishness we seek the heaven's height.  
For our transgressions must we ever lie  
Beneath Jove's irate bolt, his spear of light.



*Cur Me Querellis Exanimas Tuis?*

*Muriel Haslam, '42*

HORACE, LIBER II - ODE XVII

Why dost thou kill me with thy plaints?  
It pleases not the gods nor me,  
Maecenas, friend and firm support,  
That death should come the first to thee.

Alas, if portion of my soul  
A swifter strength should snatch away,  
If I remain nor dear nor whole,  
Why should I more on Earth delay?

That day shall bring death to us both—  
I am no false oath taking—  
I go, I go, where thou dost lead,  
Thy comrade on the last trip making.

Not Chimaera breathing fire,  
Nor Gias of a hundred hands—  
If he should rise—shall e'er us part.  
Thus Justice with the Fates demands.

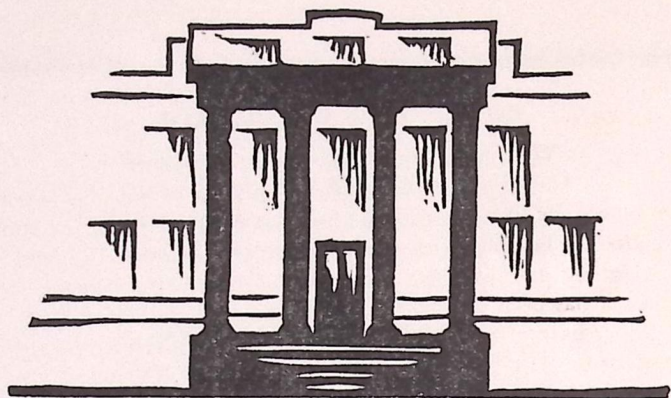
If Libra 'tis looks down on me,  
Or if a fiercer natal hour,  
Dread Scorpion or Capricorn,  
The tyrant of the western shore,

In fashion strange our stars agree.  
Thy safeguard, great Jove, shining down,  
From wicked Saturn rescued thee,  
And Death's dread wings of swift renown.

Meanwhile the theatre's thronging crowd  
Resounded with a triple shout.  
On *my* head would have crashed a tree  
Had not great Faunus been about

And saved me, as he is the guard  
Of men of Mercury. Thou will  
In thanks great gifts, a temple, pay,  
While I a humble lamb shall kill.





W. S. T. C.  
*We're Saying On This Campus*

The passing of Petey the Squirrel cast a shadow over all those connected with the Biology Department. Petey, whose formal name was Peter Pan, made his home in the Biology Laboratory, and did his best to divert the attention of the students. He always enjoyed lab hour, for each time he carefully selected his lady for the day and was shamelessly attentive. Though Petey went to college it must be admitted that he was not studious, for he curled up and went to sleep whenever he saw signs of a class coming on. We hope that in the Happy Nutting Grounds he will find as much joy as he brought to S.T.C.

\* \* \*

Edith Cogswell was the happiest and most excited person at the Telegram and Gazette Exposition not long ago when her name was drawn as the lucky winner of an attendance

prize—until she found out that the prize was a linoleum rug. Edie decided that her hope chest was not big enough to accommodate it, so the rug is now reclining on her mother's kitchen floor, pending further developments.

\* \* \*

The boxes of food lining the first floor corridors at Thanksgiving, prior to distribution among the poor families, were enough to make anyone's mouth water, but one young Freshman, surveying the array, was not feeling hungry. She was worrying about what to do with the large bag of apples which she had brought in.

"Just put them down," replied a Senior airily, in answer to the girl's question.

"But how will they know who brought them?" she demanded.



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"Put your name on them," came the answer.

The Freshman was dismayed. "On each one?" she gasped.

\* \* \*

The Freshmen may be living on in blissful ignorance, but the cares of age are weighing heavily on the Senior Class. It has been discovered that each Senior has her own private little worry list on which she makes careful note of all her problems and duties. They probably won't admit it, but if you ever notice a Senior with a pencil in her hand and a self-satisfied gleam in her eye, creep up quietly behind her and see what she is doing. Ten to one she'll be crossing off one of the innumerable worries on her list.

\* \* \*

The big wind which blew down tons of staging from the back of the college was a source of great satisfaction to all the students. We liked Lillian Newfield's opinion on the subject: "A hurricane blew the staging up, and it looks as if it will take another one to blow it down."

\* \* \*

*Missouri Waltz* is still an S.T.C. favorite after all these years of being the most popularly requested in our community sings. But Jeannette Kneeland, who has sung it with gusto for three years, has now reached a stage of patient acquiescence to freshman eagerness. When we sang it for the three thousand fifty-second

time, she was heard to exclaim: "I should think that that baby would be asleep by now!"

\* \* \*

The fame of the play which Augusta Copper wrote for a Latin Club meeting has spread far and wide, and has won for her the fittingly Romanized name of Augusta Copernicus. Hail Caesar Augusta!

\* \* \*

Vivian Polley, while studying in the library the other day, had an irresistible urge to fix her curls. She retired to a quiet spot among the stacks, took out her mirror, ran the comb through her hair, and looked up. There, gazing at her reproachfully, was a copy of Emily Post.

\* \* \*

Did you ever notice that W.S.T.C. has an Echo? Try calling out something while standing on the great star in the rotunda. You'll be surprised at the reply.

\* \* \*

We don't like to accuse her of being fickle, but we do not know what else to think after hearing Shirley Widerberg groan, "Burlingame! Chitwood! Adams! Oh, I never can keep my men straight!"

\* \* \*

The Hygiene course is taking its toll of the health of our gullible Seniors. Disturbed classmates revived Grace Palmer, who had collapsed onto a convenient studio



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couch, only to discover that she had been reading Smith's *How's Your Heart?* When Ellen Lovell's brother was not feeling well, she returned home each night with bright little suggestions, gained from reading *Hygeias*, about angina pectoris and pituitary deficiency; her thoughtfulness resulted only in making him feel worse. Louise Scanlon's problem was the most acute. Whenever she succeeded in reserving some *Hygeias* for overnight, her family pounced on them so eagerly that Louise had to sit up till the wee sma' hours to get her readings done.

\* \* \*

There would be no need for war if all the world had such faith in human nature as did a senior leader who had to collect Thanksgiving contributions. Her notice on the bulletin board read, "Will be absent Monday. Please leave your money in locker number —. It will be open."

• • •

## Challenge

Mary Dean, '43

### SUGGESTED BY SENIOR WEEK

The faculty came marching down;  
The seniors followed in cap and gown.  
To see it was a touching sight,  
They've all been through this awful plight.

Will mid-years end the stay of part  
Of us poor freshmen who aren't smart?  
Or will we show we can't be downed  
And three years hence be capped and gowned?



## Book Review

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### *Autobiography With Letters*

Esther E. Matthews, '40

IN THESE tragic days when European civilization is destroying itself, when the serious economic and social problems of our lives are reflected everywhere about us, in the magazines, newspapers, books, on the screen, in the theatre, and over the radio, it is a relief to read a book written by a man who has had a happy, busy, successful life. I refer to the *Autobiography With Letters* by William Lyon Phelps. Everything has turned out so well for him—the most charming friends, (all famous and successful), even the best wife he could have had, not to mention the finest university in the world to teach in, Yale.

This enormous book, which is, incidentally, extremely difficult to read in bed, after having completed one's interminable homework (along about midnight) because of its great weight, contains nearly everything of interest and importance that has happened to William Lyon Phelps.

This charming friend of the great was a professor of Literature at Yale University for over forty years. As a teacher, and such a beloved one, his views on teaching and on education should be of value to us. One challenging statement he makes is that "The highest ambition of every good teacher is to be excelled by his pupils. The one thing he wants more than anything else is that those whom he teaches will surpass him in every respect—in brains, character, achievement." Professor Phelps has certainly rejoiced at the success of his Yale boys all over the world.

In his last "reflexions" in comparing men and animals he says, "But we have something they have not, something that literally makes all the difference in the world. We have the *power of development*. We have the marvelous, boundless, incomparable gifts of observation, thought, and imagination." Professor Phelps curiously links this development with immortality. "I think our capacity for development supplies an intelligent reason for believing in a future life. Every child has potentialities for which eternity is not too long." This last sentence contains one of the finest educational ideas we have ever heard. The more one thinks about it the sounder it rings. Every person in childhood is as far from his possible perfection as one can imagine. The tragedy is that when many of these children are fifty or one hundred years old they are not much nearer their perfect selves. If we could only infuse children with this thrilling idea, think of the incredible progress we should make!



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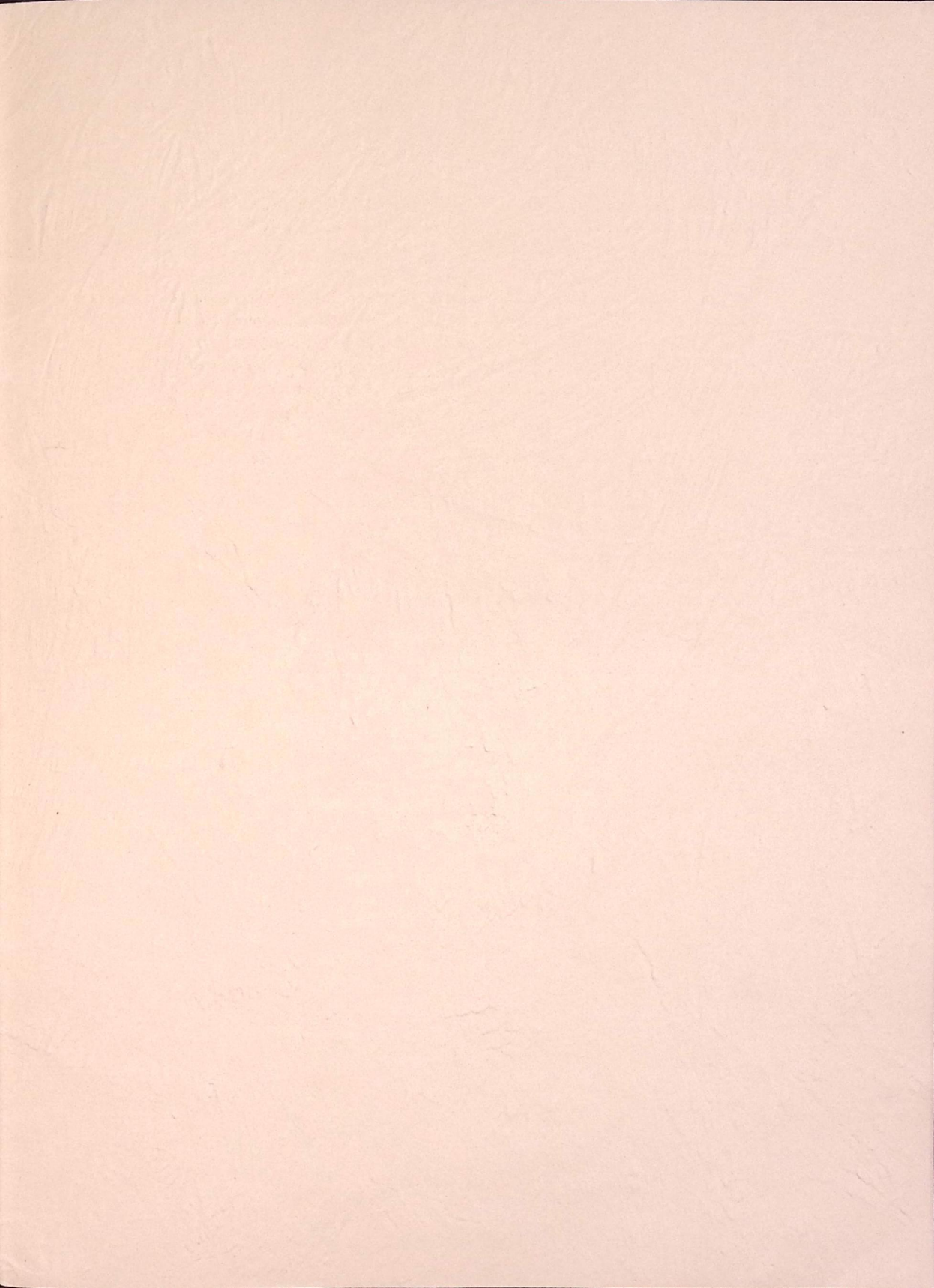
Who have some of Professor Phelps' students been? A few of them were Thornton Wilder, Philip Barry, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benet, Henry S. Canby. What has he taught those thousands of students (about 168,000) in his decades of service to Yale? Most of all he has taught them how to live with themselves, how to be cultured, interesting, men of the world. His chief emphasis has been on Robert Browning, who has exerted a profound influence upon his life. He writes, "His view of life irresistibly appealed to me. So far as a humble individual can share the philosophy of a mighty genius, Browning's philosophy is my own; his ways are my ways and his thoughts are my thoughts." With that wonderful conviction he could teach, when he regarded Browning with such passionate reverence. He has given to his students from his wealth of personal experience in intimate friendship with most of the famous writers of his time: Lord Dunsany, J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, Henry Arthur Jones, Sara Teasdale, Zona Gale, Edith Wharton, Edna Ferber, St. John Ervine, E. A. Robinson, John Galsworthy, ad infinitum.

Some of his letters from the great literary figures of the world are of inestimable value in revealing themselves. Some of the passages in these letters are of importance. For example St. John Ervine writes, "There hasn't been greatness in American Literature since its people became heterogeneous, and there won't be until they become homogeneous again." Anzia Yeziersha, author of *All I Could Never Be*, in speaking of contemplating writing a play, of which she knows little, says, "But, ah, the thrill of wrestling with dreams forever beyond us." Surely these are unforgettable words epitomizing the struggle of our lives toward the ideal.

At length Professor Phelps draws near the close of the book wherein he states his sources of happiness. All who intend to be happy would do well to consider them seriously. They are family, religion, work, play, development, social pleasures. He believes that as we grow older we become happier, if we live intelligently.

The chief value of this book, aside from the pleasure the friends and students of "Billy" Phelps will gain in reading it, lies in the mass of unique material in the form of private letters, minutely recorded private conversations, concerning the literary figures of our times. One feels that the author has had too good and happy a life to have been great. He has known too little of despair, disillusionment, anger, frustration, failure, to have contributed to humanity. He is rather a charming world literary reporter who has never quite recovered from the astonishment of becoming world famous because he has been a friend of the great.

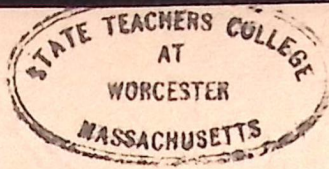












MARCH 1940

# *Quarterly Review*

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
AT WORCESTER







# Quarterly Review

Volume 6

March 1940

Number 3

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## Editorials

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### College Costs Going Up

NOT LONG AGO in our local newspaper there appeared an editorial bemoaning the plight of the American colleges and universities. Private institutions have discovered that their endowments have shrunk; public ones must expect reductions in appropriations as long as the taxpayers have to support the unemployed. We know these facts to be true. Clark University has announced that its tuition fee will go up forty dollars next term; our own will be up one hundred per cent by 1942.

This same editorial, while feeling sorry for the colleges in one way, finds it appropriate to take a very Pollyanna-ish attitude in its conclusion. To quote: "The picture is by no means dark. In fact, there are educators who rejoice at the prospect — boys and girls on the campus who recognize education for the serious and important process it is. It looks as if college enrolment is going down in quantity; but it also looks as if college enrolment is going up in quality." This erroneous inference is deduced apparently from the idea that decrease in quantity inevitably means increase in quality. Of course this is not so. We must further disagree with President Jessup, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who thinks that high tuition fees will automatically bring about undergraduate scholarship improvement. Rather, it seems that the situation will be quite the reverse. For the students who will be eliminated from college will be those who can just barely put themselves through now, but who will be totally unable to do so under the new conditions. Such students, who are willing to undergo privation in order to secure a college education, are the ones who seriously appreciate it, and who, through their own efforts to attain excellence, thus raise the standard of scholarship in the colleges. These will form the "quality," which will have to go.

On the other hand, the sons of rich men will not care one way or the other whether their college education is going to cost an added five hundred dollars or more a year. They will go anyway, will join their Hasty Pudding Clubs where they get by with "a gentleman's three C's and a D", and will buy the best seats for the big football games as usual. It can easily be seen that this is the only group which has the money to carry on the rah-rah stuff which President Jessup so deprecates. And its members will be the "quality," which will be retained.

In these days when the forces of evil, hatred, and prejudice are rampant



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in the world, it is very sad indeed to find supposedly intelligent persons rejoicing over the fact that higher education is about to be further removed from the people who really want it. There is no doubt about it. Education is under fire today. We can no longer take it for granted as we have been wont to do. There are those who question it by saying that the world is not much better for all the fine schools we have built. We must answer them by saying that higher education has merely begun its work, has just recently started to touch the masses of people who have had to go without it all these centuries. What would the cynics expect in a hundred years, when human nature has been what it is for so many thousands of years? This dangerous trend in educational reaction came uncomfortably close to us last spring, when the move to close our College was afoot. From all this, one thing is clear. We must keep our faith in education. Not only that, but we must be ready to fight for it, both for ourselves and for the next generation.

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### *The Educational Trend*

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW *this month launches into an expression of its ideas on educational trends. We shall welcome any response from the student body that may be evoked by the following editorial.*

THE GREATEST PURPOSE of education should be that of training the individual to think, independently, logically, and purposefully. So-called modern or "progressive" education has been sadly lacking in the fulfillment of this function. Increasing demands upon the modern educational system have caused the teacher to shoulder more than his share of the burden. Instead of being merely a guide and director, the teacher of today bends over backward in an attempt to make the educational process a painless one.

Instead of teaching the pupil how to think, the teacher burns the candle at both ends in planning ways to save tender young brains from the agony of thought. But actually the time saved by the teacher's elaborate daily presentation of subject matter is not saved in the end. The pupil emerges from the maze of teacher-devices for learning without much more than a smattering of superficial knowledge. This condition can be corrected only by requiring more concentrated thinking on the part of the pupil. Old methods of education which required the pupil to know the fundamentals thoroughly were not far wrong. Many great thinkers of past generations have been men of "one book." The Bible was the foundation of many a scholar. Thorough knowledge of one book or of a few books has advantages over the modern method of scratching the surface of everything. Of course the complexity of modern life will not allow the simple, deep study of a few basic books. Then how is



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the teacher going to teach pupils to think and study in a thorough manner? Certainly not by handing knowledge to them on a silver platter. Certainly not by pre-digesting the subject matter and disguising it with the idea of making it as "interesting" and as much "fun" as possible. One must be intent on the task itself in order to get it done.

Training students to think for themselves would in turn give more leisure time to the teachers, and consequently, more opportunity for them to secure personal advancement, thereby adding to the strength of the profession as a whole. A working compromise between the present "laissez-faire" system of education and the rigid, thorough methods of preceding generations of scholars will result in more thoroughly trained pupils and teachers.

E. S. L.





## *Up a Librarian's Ladder*

*Rose Briand, '41*

HAVE YOU EVER wanted to be a librarian? Have you ever wondered what you would have to go through to achieve this desire? Speaking from experience I can assure you that the process is a most enjoyable one, and one from which you can learn a great deal.

When you first enter as an embryonic librarian, you become the errand boy. You may dignify your job by calling yourself assistant to the assistant librarian. Working one day a week, your tasks include dusting and arranging the furniture, dashing to the Post Office to collect all the library mail, stamping these, putting back on the shelf endless numbers of books constantly being brought back, arranging them on the shelves according to the Dewey-Decimal System, determining which books need mending and laying these aside, and last but not least, keeping discipline! This last gives wonderful training to one who expects to teach in the near future.

You are errand boy for about one month. In the meantime you have learned to stamp books as they are returned and as they go out. Then and only then are you allowed to sit majestically in the swivel chair, that throne upon which your covetous eyes have been lingering from the first day. As your friends drop in, you cheerfully condescend to smile at them and stamp their books. Of course it's your job, but it's something they can't do.

The time has now come for you to be initiated into the sacred ritual of book mending. You are shut up in the mending room with tiers of decrepit books staring at you. On the table are mending tape, scissors, onion paper, paste, paste brush, binding paper, and reinforcement paper. You take a book, skim through it, find a torn page, and mend it. The next book has become loosened from its cover and needs reinforcing. And so you continue until the table is quite bare.

By this time you are working two days a week. The people have come to know you quite well, and they come to you for help. With a feeling of pride you pick out three "good love stories" for Mrs. Smith or a "good mystery" for Mr. Jones.

You are now assistant librarian, the former assistant having left. You are eligible to record daily attendance on paper for that purpose; to fix new books for circulation, which process entails pasting the blurbs inside the front cover, making out new cards and their pockets, stamping the date on the title page, pasting labels on the back cover — for adult books: "This is a seven day book," and for juveniles: "Remember to wash you hands before you read me" — and finally, hanging up the gay covers on the bulletin boards announcing the arrival of the new books.



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At last comes the day you have hoped for, but scarcely dared to expect — the day when you might be acting librarian. The librarian has to be away for three weeks — think of it! — and you are to take her place. After two years of happy work your dream is realized. For three weeks you work full time, and you are the last authority on matters to be settled. The book binder comes in for the books which are to be sent to the bindery for new covers, and you decide which must be sent. Someone comes in for the latest anthology, and you dash to the "800" section and pick it out. You make out the bills for yourself and your assistants. An official from a different bindery company comes, seeking you as a new customer, and you politely tell him that you're very well satisfied with the present one, but you will be glad to keep him in mind. You look over the list of new books, and, keeping in mind the sum allotted by the town for this purpose, you go to Denholm's to choose the latest fiction and non-fiction books.

Your three weeks are over all too soon, and you are more anxious than ever for the day when you will be queen of some book kingdom.

• • •

*Last semester the Sophomore A division took a course in introductory philosophy with Dr. Averill. It must have made a deep impression on them, for they came out with their heads whirling and produced forthwith these two contributions which show what may happen to anyone if she, too, takes philosophy.*

### What Is — Is It?

Florence Newfield, '42

I YAM WHAT I YAM, AND THAT'S ALL I YAM," said Popeye, and most of us are inclined to agree with him. Philosophers may tell us that the world exists only as we know it, that matter exists by inference, or even that matter does not exist at all. However, the great majority of human beings feel very substantial — often too much so. If some of those idealistic gentlemen could come down to the cafeteria and watch the girls gaze longingly at a piece of chocolate cake, count the calories already on their lunch trays, and regretfully turn away, they would no longer tell us that there is no objective world. On the contrary they might even hurry to their brokers to buy up all the available stock of Ry-Krisp Corporation. But what if they were right? What if we could escape from the reality of material things and create our own world as we wished? What kind of life would we have then?

In the first place, our whole industrial system would have to go. The



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clothing trade would be one of the first to declare bankruptcy, for why should we buy only two new dresses a season when we can infer a new one at will? Just resolve that your old belt has become a bustle; that the puffed sleeve has developed into a long leg o' mutton; and that the straight skirt has changed into a graceful flare. The old felt hat is converted into a bunch of flowers which you perch on top of your head, and lo and behold, you have a new spring outfit! This philosophy is also death to beauty parlors, but what a new lease on life it gives to the modern woman! No more sitting for hours under a permanent waver; no more miserable weeks of dieting for those who wish to dispose of excess poundage. Just determine to have some curls, and you will have them; infer a trim figure, and your most ambitious dream will be realized! But best of all, whenever you go to the movies, you can mentally convert the hero of the day to Gary Cooper. That would be bliss to the womanhood of America.

Now let us accept the premise that perceptions are real only when they are known to our personal minds. This would be a boon to all students, for instead of studying, we should merely refuse to look at low marks, and they would not exist. This philosophy would prove even more profitable to automobile drivers. We should simply ignore the cars with which we collide, disdain to notice the bumps on the fenders, and race merrily on to our destinations, happily oblivious of the speedometer which is below our range of vision.

However, the finest philosophy of escape is the denial of the existence of matter. Why bother to fix that flat tire? Why let the staging on the front of the building annoy you to the point of tears? Why shovel the three feet of snow which blocks your front door? Decline to acknowledge them, and they will bother you no longer. When the dishes are piled up in the sink fairly begging to be washed, inform the family that according to your philosophy, those dishes just aren't, so why wash them?

Unfortunately, these philosophies have their drawbacks. How would you feel if you sat down at the dinner table and found that your mother had decided — temporarily, of course — to deny your existence? Or that your employer, if you should be so lucky as to have one, had refused to recognize pay day. "This is a free country," he might say. "If you can infer that eleven o'clock is only nine, surely I am entitled to my philosophy too." But worst of all, what if Mr. Riley should deny the existence of Dutch Apple Cake? Horrors! Could a more philosophical whim result in such tragedy? "No!" we protest. "Surely not that! Anything but that! Let's be realists! Let's agree with Popeye! We are what we are, and let's stay that way."



## My Philosophy

Elinor Hammond, '42

There are some who argue pro  
And others argue con  
About the Ultimate stuff of things  
And if there's life "beyond."  
Subjective or Objective knowledge may be  
But the world is just as it seems to me.  
About its Nature I should say  
It's not assimilated in an easy way.  
After months of thought and weeks of study  
I find myself in this category.  
I'm a Pan-subjectivist but not an Idealist  
For knowledge is finite and I'm not a Realist.

Alexander's theory of space-time,  
Combined with Morgan's "Emergent Line,"  
Express so simply my thoughts on structure  
That belief otherwise is just sheer torture.  
I believe in the "special creation" theory  
Of an atom which grew in evolution,  
According to cosmic mechanical laws  
And not in bounds by revolution.  
Efficient Causes I discount as goals,  
But the "Final Cause" is evident,  
So cosmically speaking I'm a teleologist  
And not in the least mechanically bent.  
The quantitative nature of the real world is single  
Because man isn't independent.  
And Self is the one who knows he knows  
That God exists and Evil doesn't.  
My Social theory of Immortality  
Is quite congruent with Reality.

• • •

In 1834 Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote the line:

"O, lift one thought in prayer for S.T.C."

That was one hundred and six years ago. How did he know?



## Notes from our Exchanges

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Some people who don't know any better say that Teachers College students are not experienced in anything but teaching. We suggest that these doubting Thomases look over the list of jobs held by Salem T. C. students. Salem has, among other things, salespeople, butchers, waitresses, bus boys, librarians, reporters, a public stenographer, a choir director, a radio announcer, a church janitor, a floriculturist, and one undertaker's assistant.

\* \* \* \*

Every January and June there is much weeping and gnashing of teeth by those of us who don't like exams. (Who does?) Students at B. U. decided to give the faculty a dose of their own medicine, and presented them with the following exam:

1. Tell in your own words your own unexpurgated opinion of your own lectures if you were a student in your own classroom.
2. Give the following hypothesis: Students are a necessary and inevitable nuisance; provide the corollary therefor.
3. Define, describe, or identify: schmalz; in the groove; whacky; jitterbug.
4. List the requirements for successful crashing of the Junior Prom.
5. How do you like exams like this? (You don't like them any better than we do yours.)

\* \* \* \*

Beginning in September 1940, teacher training courses at Massachusetts State will be so arranged that students will take generalized and specialized subject matter courses for three and a half years, and practice teaching and education courses for one semester of the junior year. During this semester the students will alternate a week of practice teaching in the public schools with a week of course work on the campus.

\* \* \* \*

At Salem the students manage to keep up with the current books, too. Some of the favorites on their list are:

*The Nazarene*—Sholem Asch  
*A Goodly Fellowship*—Mary Ellen Chase  
*Days of Our Years*—Pierre Van Paassen  
*Escape*—Ethel Vance  
*Moment in Peking*—Lin Yutang



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At Fitchburg early in February they decided to have a snow carnival, but the weather man was so unkind that they actually had to have snow brought in and dumped upon the campus by a *deus ex machina* — a truck. Imagine their chagrin when the perverse weather man the very next week presented them with more snow than they know what to do with!

\* \* \* \*

And we sympathize with the Fitchburg philosopher, in the column The Ash Tray, who tells us that over there they go to bed so late nowadays that they meet themselves getting up.

• • •

### *First Date*

Betty De Witt, '41

SHE HAD TIED a red ribbon in her hair to match the red plaid linen frock she wore, and she knew she looked nice. *Nice* was all you could say, because she wasn't pretty and never would be. Practically every member of the family had told her so at one time or another. But anyhow, pretty or not, she did look nice today, and the worst was over. She had remembered not to laugh during the comedy; although it was screamingly funny, she had sat up in her chair in very ladylike fashion and hadn't laughed at all. You have to be careful about things like that, because what you thought was terribly funny when you were fourteen mightn't seem the least bit funny when you were sixteen; and he was sixteen. She glanced up at him, tall and blond and sixteen, and thanked her lucky stars that she had declined his invitation to go into a soda shop. "For goodness' sake," her mother had said irately, "don't spill anything all over yourself. I don't know why I'm letting you go anyhow, but I suppose you have to be like everyone else." It would have been awful if she had spilled anything. And then too, perhaps he might have expected her to order coca-cola, instead of a sundae. The older crowd never had ice cream; they were always "dropping in for a coke." Well, the worst was over now; she was almost home. What did you do with him when you got to your house? "Yah, yah, Jeanie's got a feller, Jeanie's got a feller" — the six De Luca kids, Mary, Rosie, Norma, Gloria, Esther, and Antoinette stood step-like before her. She put her hands desperately over her ears and ran into the house. "Yah, Jeanie's got a feller." She ran to the window and watched him disappear into the late afternoon sunshine. She knew, as she looked at her tear-streaked reflection in the glass, that he would never come back.





## Winter

*Doris Beckwith, '43*

A Lady veiled in fleecy white,  
Silently, gracefully on her flight,  
Drops snowflakes  
Which seem to be velvet petals.  
They rest on pine boughs  
Like fluffy cotton,  
Or cover the earth like a blanket  
Which crackles and crunches under the feet  
Of passers-by.  
The roads and fields  
For miles around are hidden.  
The boughs of the birch tree  
Are weighted down  
By icicles which sparkle and gleam  
Like rainbows or prisms  
In the morning sun.



## Book Review

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### *Alone With Nature*

Julia Sheehan, '41

THE WIND, the sand, the ocean, the stars, merely natural phenomena of nature, take on new meaning as they are presented by Antoine de Saint Exupery in his book, *Wind, Sand, and Stars*. To the aviator they are challenges to be met, perhaps to be conquered, perhaps to be the conquerors. The wind as it whistles through the gaps in the Andes, the sand as it beats across the Sahara, the stars as they alone give light, hope, and companionship to the lone aviator — all can be friends, all can be enemies. One does not know the beauty or the whims of nature until one is alone with her. The routes of aviation draw pilots across vast expanses of open desert and glistening, ominously deep oceans. What carries men through so many hardships? Can it be the importance of their flight (some carry only mail pouches of love letters and trade agreements), or the desire for personal glory, or the challenges of conquering forces thought to be insurmountable? Saint Exupery has a different explanation: the universal story of men willing to live or die for a cause.

The valor of men, their ability to rise above danger make them fitted to cope with nature and other forces nearly as strong. For men in war, for scientists in the laboratory, there is an inexplicable reason behind their determination. The author, himself an aviator, has seen men conquer the Andes, realize freedom, fight for their just rights. He has been one of these men. His friends have perished in their attempts to flaunt nature by flying in realms foreign, perhaps forbidden, to men; he has witnessed the tragedy of the war in Spain and the indifference of the men who face death at any moment; he has given freedom to a poor slave. From his experiences he knows why men are afraid to face the world and its tribulations — theirs is the task of contributing a stone in the building of the world.

The flow of the book is constant, gliding as a plane might glide through the great vault of the blue heavens. The story, a chronicle of danger in many guises from the snow of the Andes to the trenches of Spain, holds the reader in its firm grasp, compelling him to realize the sacrifices necessary for progress, the hardships entailed to secure human freedom. The author's use of incidents makes the book live. The reader is carried away to the snow-covered, precipitous peaks of the Andes on the hazardous trip with Guillaumet, a brave pilot lost in a storm, left to die, but with enough determination to fight the elements until he falls exhausted on a rock ledge and is rescued by



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his tardy companions. The tenseness of certain incidents is balanced by the quiet tranquility of the stars and the inner confidence of the pilots. The language of the book is not that of a technical pilot or an adventurer; rather it is that of a philosopher who views men, their motives, and their reasons for upholding a just cause as he soars aloft through the clouds, alone.

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### Three Harbours

Mary Cashen, '41

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL of to-day believes in telling a story accurately, in absolutely true-to-life terms, which eliminate none of the colorful details, that make the story really live, and that greatly increase its appeal to the frank, broad-minded people of to-day. Its proponents claim that their trend toward realism makes the story more vivid and more lasting, and that is the only justifiable reason for its widespread use. It is impossible to select a best-seller in fiction of the last few years, with the exception of *The Yearling*, by Marjorie Rawlings, which does not contain evidence of the influence of this theory. The already classic examples are *Gone With The Wind*, and *Anthony Adverse*; others are *And So* — *Victoria*, *Drums Along The Mohawk*, and more recently, *Grapes of Wrath*.

To this class also belong F. van Wyck Mason's *Three Harbours*. I am an average reader, with the usual ability to judge what I read. I am the reader for whom the work was written; it was not written for literary critics who understand the forces and motives underlying the story. Is the story more vivid to me, and shall I remember it longer, because of the realism in it? I remember the gallant Katie; beautiful, dashing Andrea; handsome, lovable David; and dependable, kind Rob Ashton. I remember the stirring atmosphere of Boston, Norfolk, and Bermuda in the American Revolution; the historical accuracy which showed the lengthy research and the thorough knowledge of factual significance of the author. I remember the "rattling good yarn" itself. And Mason can tell a story of the kind to which you sit down in the early evening in a chair which really fits you, surrounded by a good light, an apple, and a wall through which the everyday world cannot penetrate. But I also remember the over-emphasis of sordid detail which detracts far too much from the memory of the story. So, in this, as in almost every case, the realism has defeated its own purpose. Its purpose was to vivify the story; the story will be forgotten before the realism associated now with the book has been overlooked.

Such realism is not real at all. In a given span of years of real life, the happy incidents, the strong personalities, and the sad times make up the



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memories. Morbid aspects do not occupy the first importance. In books purporting to portray real life, these aspects should not make the most lasting impression. Mr. Mason is a scholar with a quick sense of humor, an unusual power of character understanding and delineation, and ability to tell a story that has excitement, reality, and emotional appeal, in an easy, unforced, skillful style. It is to be hoped that his common sense will show him the advantage of eliminating some of his unnecessary realism in future works.

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### *A New Design For Women's Education* Lillian Newfield, '40

THIS IS CERTAINLY an exciting time in which to be at college, for education is no longer the sacrosanct process it used to be. In the experience of the present Senior Class, changes in the curriculum of our college have occurred every year, no two classes having similar schedules. Of course our problem is a particular one — we are still in the process of transformation from the normal school, and we are proud of the rapid strides we have made toward acquiring the true collegiate spirit in our halls. Yet there is even a larger, more general transformation taking place, and that is in the experiments in higher education being tried out at Bennington College in Vermont, and at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. The President of Sarah Lawrence, Miss Constance Warren, has written a book, just off the press this month, which describes and attempts to justify the new system as carried out under her leadership. Called *A New Design For Women's Education*, the book succeeds in winning the reader's interest and sympathy for the experiment.

First of all, we are often inclined to dismiss such colleges as being for rich girls only. This is true of Sarah Lawrence, but only because it is so new and lacks endowments, thus forcing the student to pay the complete cost of her education. The administration does give a few partial scholarships, but up to now it has not been able to award many. This should not make us feel an antipathy toward the ideas being carried out there, for it is usually true that private schools have the means and the freedom with which to experiment, and we in the publicly supported institutions must be glad if they can demonstrate certain new methods to be good so that we, too, may have them.

At Sarah Lawrence the individual is the central interest. Each girl who applies for admission must answer pages of questions about herself, her family, her interests, her ambitions. When she enters, she is assigned to a special faculty adviser or "don" who guides her in planning her schedule. Miss Warren definitely states that there is no such thing as a prescribed course in her college. "We do not believe you can pour students of varying background into the same mold and have them emerge 'educated'." She calls the pre-



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scribed course one of the sacred cows in the field of education, and begs to have them eliminated. They are justified, of course, by traditionalists who declare them to be fundamental; but then, do two persons ever agree on what should be considered fundamental? They are too often merely hang-overs from a previous era. Why not let students choose for themselves? It is the first step in teaching them to plan their own lives. Instead their "time is all used up 'working off' requirements. It is a sort of academic usurpation of 'mother knows best'." In our own college the trend is toward independence. Last year for the first time freshmen planning to take the Elementary course were allowed to choose electives along with those girls in Secondary work. Although we still have many required courses, this change is a step in the right direction.

After the student at Sarah Lawrence works out her schedule, which attempts to meet her interests, her needs, and her abilities, she may find herself, after a month or two of studying, suddenly intensely interested in a special phase of a certain field. In such a case she does not have to pass it by reluctantly and promise herself that she will pursue it further next summer when she has time, but she immediately contacts her instructor, who is a willing and eager guide to more intensive study along that line. Many an undergraduate student has thus prepared an exhaustive study to be published. In this way Miss Warren feels that a girl is not "tucked into fixed courses which she can neither hasten nor retard, and from which there is no escape." The normal enthusiasm for studying is thus quelled by boredom, and the student diverts her energy to extra-curricular activities in which her own initiative is permitted to count.

Of course the new education has not been suited to everyone. Many students are too careless or too lazy to want free time in which to develop themselves, but are content to be shoved along the groove of required work. But then again, every student who goes is not necessarily fit for college. However, as Miss Warren says, the eleven years of Sarah Lawrence have "worked with gratifying success in a large number of cases. We not only are willing to stand on the record, but are anxious to share our findings with men and women everywhere who are concerned with eliminating the lag between education and the dynamic content of American life."

The frankness and sincerity with which the case for her laboratory college is stated make a student reader feel that Miss Warren is a most understanding person, well-beloved by her associates, and that her competent direction is not newfangled, but a sane application of the scientific principles in education.



## Comparison

Anne McAuliffe, '43

Time was when on his back he'd lie  
In fields of clover deep,  
And watch white clouds drift slowly by  
From his sunny hillside bed.  
A bumble bee droned overhead  
And lulled him soft to sleep.

Today in a blood-drenched field he lies,  
And dreaming of home, he weeps.  
No sunny clouds for his dying eyes,  
But grey war-skies instead.  
Returning bombers drone o'erhead —  
He remembers, and smiling — sleeps.

• • •

## La Reponse

Rita E. Galipeau, '42

Et pourquoi, je demande, pourquoi l'hiver  
avec ses temps froids  
qui coupent sans merci les feuilles des arbres?

Et pourquoi aussi, la neige qui couvre tout . . .  
la blancheur volante . . .  
le meurtrier des couleurs d'automne?

Et pourquoi, freres mortels,  
pourquoi la vie qui se termine  
dans la mort?

Est-ce la clef qui ouvre a une vie nouvelle?  
Pour nous, peut-etre, un printemps immortel?



## Literature a la Hollywood

Doris Hansen, '41

IN THIS AGE of the motion picture, *Treasure Island* and *Gulliver's Travels* may suggest movies, rather than Stevenson and Swift, to the average person. In a search for material for public consumption, Hollywood has seized upon the classics and best sellers of yesterday and today. The material taken from these books may be much, or it may be little.

In some cases the only relationship that one can find between a book and a movie is that of identical titles. Somewhere in the credits of the film *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* was the line "Suggested by the Kate Douglas Wiggin story." The suggestion did not go much further than the cover, as the title was the only thing in any way similar to the book. Shirley Temple as Rebecca was a child singer who wanted a radio career. She did spend some time at Aunt Miranda's Sunnybrook Farm before beginning a broadcast on a national hook-up from the farm next door, but the antics of Miss Temple and not of Rebecca filled the rest of the movie. A safe generalization to make is that the films in which Shirley Temple appears have been, and will continue to be, adjusted to present Shirley Temple alone. Annie Fellows Johnson's *The Little Colonel* was changed in some ways, and even Spyri's *Heidi* so long beloved by children and adults alike, was not suitable for the featured player. Fairy tale sequences were introduced in order that Miss Temple might demonstrate her latest dancing steps and most effective songs.

Producers must feel that children are not very intelligent, and that only by changing the classics can children be interested in them even slightly. Motion picture moguls should be informed that children do enjoy the classics and are capable of understanding plots that are not liberally interspersed with song and dance routines.

Often Hollywood caters to adult theatre goers when it presents its versions of children's classics. The result is less change of plot, but usually some new thing is introduced. *Captains Courageous* is known for Spencer Tracy's splendid acting. The cast alone, with the exception of some remarkable photography of the Gloucester fishing fleet, distinguished the film. Rudyard Kipling's book, a story of the love of two boys, was changed to a story of Freddie Bartholomew's worship of Spencer Tracy. The movie, again and again, included huge, tearful close-ups of Freddie until it became increasingly difficult to believe that a normal young boy would act in this way. This was not Kipling's boy, but the creation of twentieth-century Hollywood.

When Hollywood considers adapting a classic or any novel written for adults, however, it is less concerned with bringing about changes in plot to hold interest, although there are still some alterations. The mean, poverty-



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

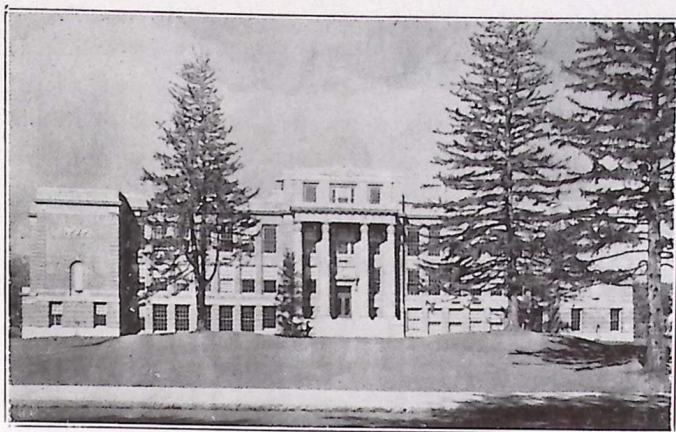
stricken, backward Welsh mining town set forth by Dr. A. J. Cronin in his novel as the starting point of young Andrew Manson was well portrayed in the film version of *The Citadel*. This part of the picture was made as stark and bitter as Dr. Cronin intended. But his ending was rejected. Christine did not die in the film, for after all the sadness and disillusionment Andrew met, he could not have his wife taken from him by Hollywood. Yet the movie was successful; it has been acclaimed as excellent. Why? The material of the film version that was taken from the novel, the exceptional acting ability of Robert Donat and Ralph Richardson, and the superior photography combined to raise *The Citadel* above other motion pictures.

Daphne du Maurier's *Jamaica Inn* appeared on the screen with a few changes. The minister, the main character in her book, was replaced by a squire who was also a sort of Justice of the Peace. Charles Laughton portrayed him as an equally revolting person, even more in evidence in the picture version. The atmosphere, however, was very effective, and each member of Leslie Banks' band of robbers appeared as Miss du Maurier must have intended.

Minor changes can be made by producers without seriously injuring the film version provided that in other respects the movie is on a par with, or superior to, the book. This depends upon the acting, the direction, and the photography. The novel *So Red the Rose* by Stark Young was faithfully produced on the screen. Richard Sherman's *Here I Am a Stranger* remained unchanged in every detail with the exception of the shortening of the trial scenes. These two films show that movies can be produced which are faithful to the books from which they are adapted and can still be successful. Motion picture versions of classics or best sellers are made because the books from which they are adapted have been popular and well-liked. Why, therefore, should producers consider it wise to change their plots?







W.      S.      T.      C.  
**We're Saying On This Campus**

Confucius Say has taken the country by storm, and Walter Winchell, the originator of *Broadway Confucius*, is shining with the glory of his brain child. The *QUARTERLY REVIEW* also wishes to come in on some of this glory, for we point with pride to our issue of November 1939, which proves at least that we were the original imitators.

This month Confucius Sigel say:

"He who study know lesson.

He who no study learn lesson."

We learned.

"Sad ending to story when Honorable Dr. Farnsworth in honorable history test ask for Golden Bull, and lowly Senior A's give just bull."

\*      \*      \*

The Dramatic Club play, *Fresh Fields*, was the most finished performance our boards have seen for many a year. That's saying something, too, for we have had some

pretty fine ones ever since Miss O'Donnell took charge. The innovation of having the cast's wardrobe supplied by a down-town merchant was certainly a most interesting one, for we in the audience would await with eagerness each new entrance to see what she would be wearing next. The dresses were lovely. And our girls proved that they could wear them very well, besides doing a grand job of make believe. The wistfulness with which Mr. Jones as Ludlow voiced his ambition for the future so moved the hearts of his students that serious plans are being made to take up a collection and set him up in that little pub of his dreams.

\*      \*      \*

According to song and story, the proper tribute to pay a teacher is to bring her an apple. Apparently the present generation of school children



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has streamlined this age-old custom, for while Elinor Bird taught in the training school, she received a veritable flood of candy bars. Pupils' pet!

\* \* \*

A math major was complaining bitterly the other day about the length and the intricacy of the figuring she must do in order to solve a very complicated problem.

"Never mind," consoled a sympathetic friend. "Just see what it's doing for your mind."

"Yes," came the gloomy reply, "exhausting it!"

\* \* \*

The rivalry of two competing groups for a monopoly on the use of our new plaid bulletin board has become so intense that the matter really should be brought to the attention of the Student Advisory Council. Advocates of the formation of a checker club insist that the bulletin board would make an ideal set-up for demonstration checker games, but the opposing group of crossword puzzle fans feel that such an array of rectangles and squares would be wasted on anything but a gigantic crossword puzzle.

\* \* \*

"The city in which I should like to live," said a sentimental Senior, "is Domesticity."

"G'wan," retorted a cynical Sophomore. "Who wants to support one of *those* things?"

Twenty-two

"The three R's of learning," says Dr. Farnsworth, "are Repetition, Repetition, and Repetition." Esther Matthews found that this process did not help in the study of chromatics, and so she devised an elaborate scheme by which she could answer any conceivable question on the subject. The scheme worked perfectly, but — you guessed it — when Esther went in for her exam, she found that she had not only forgotten her chromatics, but her system as well.

\* \* \*

Rotha Sawyer was very much incensed when the Sophomores accused her of losing the Gym Demonstration Volley Ball game to the Freshmen. "But I didn't even play!" she expostulated.

"That's exactly why we didn't win," returned the indignant Sophs.

Incidentally Rotha's superb guarding in Captain Ball brought Martha Stolnacke's Senior A team crashing to defeat for the first time in the history of that mighty division.

\* \* \*

You may have thought that a professional was responsible for the lovely decorations in the cafeteria for the receptions for Dr. Aspinwall and Mr. Carpenter, but that was not the case. Just chalk up two more artistic triumphs for Mary Lackey. The huge valentine made of lace, violets, and sweet peas used as a centerpiece at Mr. Carpenter's tea was an entirely original creation.



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

The Sophomore French Class feels that it is a wonderful thing to be bilingual, but the accomplishment is accompanied by drawbacks. "Miss McKelligett gets us so wound up in French," complained a French major, "that when she switches back to English, we don't understand a word she says." Miss McKelligett is hereby requested to establish a system of traffic signals — green for French, amber to prepare for English, and red for the mother tongue.

\* \* \*

Dale Andersen was in the midst of a platform exercise on light Victorian verse. "The next poem in this collection," she announced, "is a humorous piece entitled *Why Don't the Men Propose, Mamma?*"

"Hmph!" exclaimed Pat Malley. "She may call that humor. I call it tragedy!"

\* \* \*

Ominous note on an announcement of dates for Latin Club play rehearsals — "Vae absentibus!"

\* \* \*

Kitty George has been re-christened Kitty Corrigan by Miss Atkinson. The story is that she neatly won, single-handed, a hotly contested basketball game between members of the Junior Class by sinking a beautiful shot from the center of the floor. Kitty was a member of the Orange Team; the Reds won.

We mortals think quite a good deal of ourselves and of our way of living, but since the storms we have had occasion to feel otherwise. The wisdom and patience of the two white horses that were working to clear away the drifts of snow made us pause in our mad dash to reflect that after all, we may really be ridiculous little Gullivers in the land of the superior Houyhnhnms.

\* \* \*

People who say that teachers haven't "got what it takes" have been jolted out of their ruts by the appearance and the accomplishments of present day Teachers College students. Did you know that Ann Sheridan, America's Number 1 "Oomph" girl, is a colleague of ours? She was graduated with honors from North Texas Teachers College.

\* \* \*

After pleasure comes the pain, and after Kappa Delta Pi's fifth birthday party, celebrated with a huge cake decorated in the society colors, orchid and green, the dishes had to be washed. Following the immersion in the rare intellectual atmosphere of the formal meeting, Grace Arick, Rita Kelly, Lillian Newfield, and Shirley Sigel whipped through those dishes in record time. Said the amazed chapter counselor, Miss Myra Fitch, "I'd certainly recommend you girls for good dishwashers as well as for teachers."



## "I'll Do It"

*Roslyn Schorr, '40*

(With apologies to Longfellow)

The dawn of day was climbing high  
As from a bed there came a sigh.  
A girl, who slept with one closed eye,  
Fell out and murmured,  
"I'll do it!"

Orange juice and bread and butter  
Found their way without a mutter  
Into her mouth, but from her lips  
Escaped a groan,  
"I'll do it!"

Her school was near, the walk was clear,  
No snow or ice, she had no fear,  
But on her arms the books rose high,  
As from her lips escaped a sigh,  
"I'll do it!"

"O, dear," the lassie said, "my lunch  
Will surely drop into the mud!"  
A look of dread stood in her eyes,  
But yet again she staggered on,  
"I'll do it!"

"Watch the dirt and stones beneath!  
S.T.C. is just beyond!  
Keep up your courage, never fear."  
A weak voice spoke with ne'er a tear—  
"I'll do it!"

A lass by all her faithful friends,  
Half buried in her books was found,  
Still holding in her hand her lunch,  
That symbol of her noon-time crunch,  
"I'll do it!"

There in the morning sun, they say,  
Speechless, but smiling where she lay,  
Her eyes opened wide and gleaming bright,  
She sure created quite a sight.  
"She'd done it!"

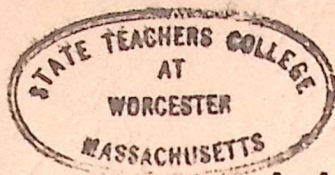












MAY 1940

# *Quarterly Review*

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
AT WORCESTER







# Quarterly Review

Volume 6

May, 1940

Number 4

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*Linoleum Cut, page 17, by Doris Johnson, '42*



# *The Quarterly Review*

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



## *Editorial Staff*

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<i>Associate Editor</i> .....	MARY CASHEN, '41
<i>Literary Editor</i> .....	ELIZABETH DE WITT, '41
<i>Feature Editor</i> .....	FLORENCE NEWFIELD, '42
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<i>Exchange Editor</i> .....	DALE ANDERSEN, '41
<i>Business Editor</i> .....	ELLEN LOVELL, '40
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	MISS ANNABEL C. ROE

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## *Editorials*

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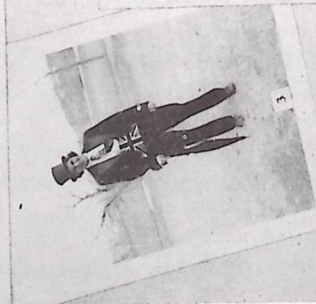
### *In Retrospect*

JUNE IS TRADITIONALLY called Commencement time in our schools and colleges, and we are annually told that it is truly a beginning time, that all life lies before. And yet the graduate cannot turn her back on college and feel that everything is yet to come. For definitely a part of her life is over—a very sweet part—a time when she was youthfully buoyant, carefree of heavy responsibility, gay among young people, regarded as charmingly ignorant by older persons.

Our four years of college have been characterized by a seriousness of purpose, a real desire to know, and by the acquisition of new skills and attitudes, a gradual rounding out of the personality that produces the full-fledged Senior. For the most part we have known what we wanted in the matter of our education, and in many a class we have asked our instructors to turn the direction of the course along a line that we wished to follow. We have even carried on classes ourselves, for it is not an unusual situation at S. T. C. to find classes as early as sophomore year conducting their own very spirited discussions on education, ethics, economics, or what have you in the absence of the professor. For we have looked upon learning as essentially a self-process, in which one progresses because she wants to. Our professors have been our guides along the path, have listened considerately to our opinions, have evaluated them in the light of their experience, and have then let us try to see the thing again for ourselves, interpreted with the help of the new background. We have done much reading and have asked many questions; in our ponderings we have come up against the great blank wall of the Ultimate, and stand perplexed before it with our finite minds as have all other students before us. We hope that because of our bewilderment we at least have learned the greatest lesson that one should grasp today—the need for tolerance.

Training in thought—yes. But also we have had training in everyday living that is so all-important. In the mere going to college one must learn to get along with one's fellows. But when it is necessary to conduct dances, lead clubs, direct plays, plan banquets, one's social education is decidedly developed, and incidentally one has a very good time. In the close contact we have had with other students and instructors in our small college, we have had much opportunity for the acquisition of that very necessary tactful manner; nor must we overlook the chance we have had to apply it in the handling of the very delicate teacher-apprentice relationship of practise-teaching days.





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Here, too, we have learned that the modern woman must be a human being in the best sense of the word, and that she must understand others as she herself wishes to be understood.

Well, they are over, the four years that stretched ahead so interminably when we came to college in 1936. But they have slipped by almost unnoticed. We have changed from eager, striving Freshmen, from a state of being impressed by our august Senior Sisters to becoming as apparently serene as they. "Is this what Teachers College does for a girl?" we asked ourselves then. "But no—I could never do that!" Yet we have. We feel that we have learned to shoulder responsibility, to rise to occasions, and to do so with the calm assurance gained from our college experience. We are indeed beginning a new life on the foundations of the old. If we feel that our eyes are open to much of the sordidness of the reality about us, if we feel that we, too, are not untouched by the prevailing mood of cynicism in the world today, nevertheless we still look forward to the happy realization of our wishes, perhaps to the achievement of a small part of our ideals and ambitions.

### Four Years

TO THE SENIORS 1940 is the peak for the ever-increasing wave of enthusiastic college spirit which has gathered momentum in the last two years. Never before has our college experienced such fine cooperation among classes, such loyalty on the part of individual students, and such enthusiastic effort by individual groups.

Perhaps the first impetus to a new college spirit is embodied in the basic change in our college curriculum. Since all members of an entering class now pursue the same general course of study, the class tends to become more unified as a group. The emotional impetus to the wave of college spirit came when we feared that our Alma Mater would be lost to us. In this tense crisis, divisional jealousies were forgotten, interclass rivalry was laid aside; all students united with one purpose, one great goal. The splendid effort of the girls at this time caused our college to be recognized as an important educational force in the community.

The college is proving its worth in the community through its student activities. Within the last two years, four new clubs have been added to our program. Each has proved its value. The Literary Club in conjunction with the Dramatic Club was active this spring in sponsoring our first Civic Drama Tournament. The Geography Club has brought notable speakers to our college. The International Relations Club held a conference this spring that was not only city-wide, but world-wide, since Europe, Asia, and South America



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were as vital a part of it as were the college students of Worcester. The very youngest of the four new clubs is the Debating Society. Already it has shown its ability in the recent radio debate with Fitchburg State Teachers College.

Not the least of the changes that the Seniors have witnessed are the changes in our faculty. During our college life Miss O'Donnell, Mr. Riordan, Miss Foster, Dr. Gracey, and newest of all, Mr. Carpenter have joined the staff. The Seniors, more than any other class, have felt the continued growth of college spirit, student activities, and the understanding cooperation of our faculty. With such augury, Worcester State Teachers College cannot fail to enlarge its reputation for fine students and an ever-growing, loyal body of alumnae.

E. S. L.

### *The Quarterly Concludes*

FOUR MORE ISSUES of the QUARTERLY REVIEW, and another year has gone by. It is indeed with a feeling of sadness that the 1939-40 staff lays down its editorial pen in marking finis to Volume VI. The year has been one of persistent endeavor, but it is work that we have enjoyed, and which has been rendered even more pleasant by your cooperation and by your consistent commendation of our efforts.

Our first aim this year was to put out an attractive book which should truly represent the collegian of 1940 and her times. To this end we have selected articles that would be expressive of student thought and descriptive of student experiences, especially as they are influenced by contemporary conditions. Our editorials have been concerned with subjects that affect us personally at S. T. C., and our regular columns, *We're Saying on This Campus*, which has been conducted this year by Miss Florence Newfield, and *S. T. C. Echoes*, written by Miss Elizabeth DeWitt, have been most popular features. In the Book Review section we have been interested not so much in the book itself, as in the attitude of the student reviewer toward modern literature. Thus the QUARTERLY has been deliberately changed from the purely literary magazine it was from its inception down to the end of 1938, to the official college organ of student expression. To make a better appearing book we designed a new cover, and during the year have used an ever-growing number of cuts. The arrangement of type on the page was changed from a two-column to a one-column spread.

The second aim of this year's staff, which was probably not so apparent to the student body, was the systematizing of our working organization. Definite deadlines were set and adhered to; meetings of the staff were attended 100 per cent unless it was utterly impossible for members to come; every-



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one had an opportunity to read galley proofs each quarter. The interest and the cooperation of the staff were gratifying. This year the QUARTERLY has also procured a magazine file and now has a complete collection of the magazines in its cabinet in the Student Office. A Log Book has been started which contains the history of the QUARTERLY, and also information which succeeding editors will need in order to carry on effectively.

We have taken several steps forward. Many more yet remain to be taken. We wish all good luck to the staff of 1940-41 in its next year's achievement.

• • •

### *Freshman Impressions*

*Trudy Hunt, '43*

I LIKE BEING A FRESHMAN! . . . it is so exciting . . . especially the first few weeks . . . everything is new and strange . . . being addressed as Miss by classmates who are now such good friends . . . seems odd . . . We learn much and are forgiven much . . . the Senior Sisters are grand . . . no hazing, no torturing initiations, just friendliness . . . Questions and answers whizz back and forth . . . mistakes are made amid stifled (?) laughter . . . names are confused . . . faces are in a constant state of mystification . . . but withal, a feeling of really having been welcomed.

Then the settling down into the routine . . . we act decorously, at least we think we do . . . we begin to call each other by first names . . . discover our special pals . . . join clubs . . . have good fun at the Hallowe'en party . . . turn out in grand array for the Freshman-Junior dance, very proud of the fact that we are the first freshman class to help run one . . . We realize that we are acquiring knowledge . . . But mid-years are upon us . . . Exit all slowly acquired calm . . . Where? When? Why? . . . Buzz, buzz, buzz . . . Books . . . books . . . books . . . Upperclassmen sympathetically smile a "How do you like it?" over their own concentrated frowns . . . We suffer through, comb our hair, and settle down again . . . It wasn't *too* bad.

And so the year swings along . . . stacks of assignments . . . history . . . biology . . . English . . . psychology . . . We are truly on our way to becoming sophomores . . . we are elected to offices . . . pride in our growing knowledge envelops us . . . we are a little wiser now, but not sadder . . . We know how to walk on the floors without slipping . . . how to avoid catching runs in our stockings . . . though we never use the knowledge . . . how to budget out time . . . a year full of surprises, studies, laughter . . . The June exams are yet to come, but already there is a stirring among us . . . Like the first spring crocus, a freshman raised her head and said, "It will soon be on us."

We are growing up.



## Gloucester Fisherwoman

Marian B. Moreland, '41

FOR YEARS, there has been a superstition among fishermen that when a woman goes to sea on a fishing vessel, it brings bad luck to the vessel and the crew. Having grown up in Gloucester, I knew the strong hold that this superstition had on the minds of the older fishermen, but it in no way lessened my desire to go out on a real, honest-to-goodness fishing trip. As I grew older, my desire grew to determination, and finally I decided that in some way I would manage to do as I wished.

Every day for several weeks I was around the wharves asking everyone in sight if there were any captain who would let me go out on his boat. The same answer was always given—only the Deep-Sea Fishing Boats that catered to tourists. A "dude-ranch" fishing experience was not what I wanted. I realized that it was hopeless even to consider the large schooners that are out of port for two months at a time, but I still had hopes that somewhere I could find a kindhearted captain of a gill-netter, a small vessel which makes daily trips.

After about a month of rebuffs and curses, I ran across Captain Story, who had known my grandfather. Every afternoon for a week I listened to Captain Story spin yarns about trips he had made in days gone by. One day late in September, I broached the subject of his gill-netter, the *Mary F. Ruth*.

"That's a fine rig you've got there, Captain. I sure would like to go out on her some day."

"Aw, women only cause trouble on boats. Dad-blame it! I might-a knowed this was a-comin'! Don't know's I blame ye mech though. Well now, it's this-a-way. Miself—I don't care mech, but my crew—why shucks, gal, I danged near fergot. My crew's all young-uns, and they don't hold mech to what we old timers tell 'em. Well, be here to-morrow mornin' at three-thirty sharp. We git our grub then, and no late comers is served. And mark my words, dress heavy!"

At three-thirty sharp the next morning, a young girl dressed in several layers of men's clothing and an oilskin suit, crawled aboard the *Mary F. Ruth*. At last I was to go out on the ocean that I loved. "Grub" consisted of oatmeal, bacon and fried eggs, mince pie and coffee. After breakfast, Captain Story led me up to the deck, but it was so dark that I couldn't see where the boat ended, so I sat on a pile of dry nets in the stern. I was conscious of men hurrying around the deck, and knew that they were loosening the moorings and pushing off. Just then, the boat shuddered from prow to stern, and the muffled sound of an engine starting disturbed the night air. Captain Story groaned.



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"Hmph. Reckon you think engines is jim-dandy things. Well, they are a mite more speedy, but sails is really be-oo-tiful, more like the gulls that circle around us on the way in—white, and well, graceful. Now you can do what 'cha like, only don't git in the men's way, and if ya feel squeamish, stick yer head over the side."

By this time my eyes were accustomed to the dark, and I could make out the cabin, the pile of nets, and the scurrying forms of men. For about an hour I was content to watch the lights on shore, the lights on the boats anchored in the harbor, and the vague, uneven shore line gradually disappearing from view. The sea was getting rougher and rougher, and soon the waves were breaking over the deck as the boat heaved through them. Outside the harbor, the wind was blowing with increasing rapidity.

With startling suddenness, the sky turned from black to gray. In the east, pink streaks stretched across the gray, and rising slowly, an angry, red sun made the only break in the horizon. There is no other place where a sunrise can equal the splendor of a sunrise at sea. It is a sight that no one should miss.

The wind blew harder. The waves leaped higher. The sun disappeared behind sullen gray clouds. Still we continued on what to me was a thrilling adventure. All at once I noticed a change in the ship's motion. Instead of lurching up over the mountainous waves, we were rolling from side to side. Jumping to my feet, I started toward the cabin, but was thrown to the deck. A wave covered me, washed me to the foot-high guard rail, and left me clinging to a pile of nets that I managed to grasp. A sailor saw my plight, picked me up, and showed me how to walk with the boat and what parts of it to cling to for support. Up front, five sailors were anchoring the ship under the direction of Captain Story. We had reached the fishing banks, our destination.

Fishing began. Two men took positions at the fish hatch, where the fish are stored until port is reached. The other three hauled in a net and sat sorting the fish. Catfish, flabby fish, and fish under the size limit were thrown back into the ocean; the good specimens of pollock, codfish, haddock, and other brands I did not recognize, were tossed to the men at the fish hatch to be packed. At first glance it looked as though the men were indiscriminately tossing fish either into the sea or into the boat. Captain Story explained that through experience, a fisherman learns to judge the fish by the feel of it when it is picked up in the hands. After all of Captain Story's nets, marked by a symbol painted on the floaters, had been emptied, they were packed on the deck and other nets, that were dry when we left shore, were set.



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The three-hour trip out, the three hours of net-fishing were followed by meal at sea. The cook had prepared hot beef stew, potatoes, fried fish, coffee, and squash pie. Conversation was at a standstill, as it required deep concentration to steer food to one's mouth in the rolling boat, but when I was almost up to the deck after the feed, I heard the cook say:

"Kinda rough, ain't it? Not much of a catch, was there? You'd got more fish and had a smoother sea if that female hadn't been aboard. Mebbe now you young upstarts will believe that it's bad luck to take a female out to sea on a fishing trip. Better not tell her that Cap don't know whether we'll make shore or not."

"Shut up, ya fool. She musta heard that. She's only a kid anyway."

Captain Story came along just in time to hear it, too.

"Shut up, ya fool. Come on, men. We're headin' back, and we need all hands on deck. It's goin' ta be a mighty tough struggle. Mind yer language in front o' this gal."

The men piled onto the deck, got the anchor aboard after a struggle, and started fighting the sea. Excited, but a little nervous, I clung to the cabin and watched them, but not for long. Captain Story made me go in the cabin. After a few minutes he came in and tightened the ropes that were holding the helm and indirectly holding the ship on its course as much as possible.

"We're havin' a little trouble outside. I wouldn't a told ye, only that fool cook blabbered. If that rope loosens or the point on the compass changes, ring the bell overhead."

Nothing happened while he was out of the cabin that time. When he came back, he grinned and said:

"Kinda rough, but we're all set now. Be in port by two. Only an hour later 'n usual. I ain't seen no more ships. Guess we're the only ones out to-day."

Land was a welcome sight to my eyes, and yet I was already hoping I could go on another trip someday. Inside the breakwater, the harbor was comparatively smooth. At the wharves, we learned that the *Mary F. Ruth* was the only gill-netter that had gone to the fishing banks that day, and that a Coast Guard cutter had been ready to start out searching for us when we had been sighted coming by the breakwater. The cook was busy talking to the fishermen on the wharves adding more evidence to the old superstition. Captain Andrew Story silenced my attempts to thank him, and as I was leaving, he called:

"Hey, gal. Come again next summer, in July or August when the sea is smoother."



## QUARTERLY REVIEW

Turning to his crew, he bellowed:

"If any o' you young fellas start believin' that fool of a cook or that crazy story 'bout female's bein' bad luck, ya can leave now. Well?"

"Heck, no, Cap. She's only a kid anyway," answered the ringleader.

As I waved goodbye, the crew yelled: "See you next summer."

• • •

### *Two Singers of America*

*Augusta Copper, '42*

FROM REVOLUTIONARY DAYS it has been our New England conceit to consider ourselves the most typical, truly American folk. Do we not call Boston the "hub of the Universe," and have we not made the symbol of our America Uncle Sam, the personification of the tall, lanky Yankee farmer? But now we must admit that all this is no longer true, for the American scene has shifted, and the vast, sprawling Middle West arises as the center of lusty, youthful, vigorous America. Out of this West has come a poet, Carl Sandburg, poet of the people, yes, the people, who sings in a new language—who symbolizes a new industrial America. In verse, crude to express the crudeness of youth, but vigorous to express youth's vigor, impassioned to express the passionate hopes of democracy and brotherhood, he gives us the American idiom, the untamed spirit of the industrial present, the wild hopes for the future.

Between Sandburg and the New England poet, Robert Frost, there are great differences; Sandburg, enamored of smoke and steel, rejoicing in the lusty roughness of American industrialism, full of its racy slang, and on the other hand Frost, a north-of-Boston farmer full of the quiet humor and wisdom of the New Englander, with his subdued tones and general restraint. Frost is the champion of Yankee folkways, and so is neither wordily eloquent nor sentimental in singing of the countryside. He does not deal with the mystical side of nature. On the contrary, with brevity and calm he writes of hired men and birches, cows and pastures, and all the goings, comings, and doings of Yankee folk as one who is of them and knows them to the very core.

Each of these poets writes as his heritage and environment have bent him. In looking at the backgrounds of Frost and Sandburg we can readily see the factors which have produced two such contrasting types.

Carl Sandburg is the son of a Swedish immigrant. He started to work at thirteen. During the whole period of his youth he was surrounded by the influences of modern industry; smoke and dust were air to him. What is more natural than for his themes to be of the slums and factories, the iron, smoke, and steel that encompassed him? Emigrants are dreamers. When people



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turn their backs upon their native lands and go to seek a new home, it is because they are trying to fulfill dreams of prosperity, of freedom, peace, or adventure. Is it not fitting, then, that Sandburg, a new American, should envisage a new era of hopefulness and justice? As his parents left the old world behind, so he leaves the old order behind, so he wishes to pry loose old foundations, to tear down old walls. Yesterday his blood was of the old world; today he is a vigorous American, rejoicing in untamed strength. Tomorrow his dreams may come true.

Robert Frost, on the other hand, is on his father's side, a descendant of a long line of New Englanders. Generations of quiet-living forbears have calmed the original rebel blood. Robert Frost's youth was spent in Massachusetts, acquiring an education. For nine years he lived on a farm in New Hampshire, spending back-breaking hours in working the stony soil. His poetry is evidence of these associations, of his knowledge of rural people and of the rural scene, and the drama, comedy and tragedy, of those close to the earth. We are also indebted to Frost for showing us new aspects of the New England locale, and for correcting false beliefs. A characteristic of Frost is a neighborliness which is genuine, and which shows conclusively that New Englanders are not unfriendly and formidable. They have restraint, yes, and are not inclined to be confidential at a moment's notice, but they are always willing to stop for a friendly visit.

In spite of their diversity these two poets are typical of the best there is in our American life, and show how many alien forces can combine to make a new nation and a new culture.

• • •

### *Just Memories?*

*Louise M. Frodigh, '41*

OSLO TAKEN by the Germans. Stavanger and Hardanger Fjords blocked. Bergen also occupied." Those were the stark headlines which struck me as I saw the paper one morning a few weeks ago. Something seemed to have been torn from me. The North Country is not just a place I have visited, as would any tourist. It is my country, and is a very important part of me. That is a feeling which can not easily be explained, since I was not born there. But the grim reality of German troop ships stealing into peaceful Oslo Fjord cannot take away the memories I have. Today I want to think of Norway as she will always be to me.

My all-too-short stay in Sweden and Norway was at an end. As the *Oslofjord* turned slowly from the pier, the quiet panorama changed before our eyes. At the dock we had seen only the white buildings of a very modern



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city around us. Now, in mid-harbor, Oslo became as a child spread comfortably at the feet of her old mountain father whose strong arms enfolded her protectingly from the harsh western elements.

As the city disappeared in the distance, the landscape was of a different nature. Rural Oslo Fjord reflected the sapphire blue of the sky, and the deep green of the rugged mountains which came down to the shore, at times almost reaching out to touch us. An old farmer stopped haying and waved to us from his little red farm on the hillside. The goats turned slowly to watch with calm curiosity as the Fjord's namesake moved majestically past. From behind a skerry, purple with full-bloomed heather, a trim *Dragon* sail boat appeared. Her white sails bowed gracefully as she sped by, sea-ward bound, her occupants thrilled at the thought of racing an ocean liner.

The Fjord widened until its mouth merged into the boundless ocean before us. But it was only for a few hours that we should be on the open sea.

As the sun sank below the western horizon in a blaze of red-gold and deep purple, the outer skerries of Kristiansand came into view. Reality faded with the sun, so that its afterglow turned the rugged skerries into warm, soft hills of rich royal velvet lifting out of the quiet, satin water. We stood on deck and watched with awe as nature turned her ever-changing footlights low. We sighed with contentment. It would have been futile to speak, for the harshness of our voices would only have broken the magic spell cast for us.

Night, in September, follows quickly upon the heels of twilight in the North. Kristiansand's many lights twinkled in the darkness, and their reflections danced over the harbor to greet us as we entered. As if in respect to this peaceful little town, and lest we wake her, our engines had been "cut," so that only the swish of the great propellers was faintly audible as the great ship rocked gently on the incoming swell.

"There she comes now," my cousin whispered. Yes, her gleaming white prow rose haughtily on the waves as she came out of the night. Still, for all her proud bearing, she looked like a toy ship, with her clean-cut lines silhouetted against the shiny blackness of the sea, and her tiny lights blinking at us, as if in wonderment at our size. The mountains all around us echoed in refrain the Norwegian anthem the band played as the miniature ship transferred her four passengers. As quietly as she had come, she turned about and disappeared in the night toward the town.

In the morning, the cliff-guarded passages of Stavanger and Hardanger Fjords unfolded before us like pictures from a fairy book. Puffy white clouds, too tired to climb over the mountain tops, slid lazily down the steep slopes,



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now almost hiding little red and white houses nestled in the green, hanging valleys, now parting to reveal a breath-takingly beautiful waterfall, splashing its way down the rocky precipices. One of the most beautiful fjords in all Norway was startling in the bright morning sun. Tremendous, sheer cliffs rose in abrupt grandeur from the waters of the fjord, and the silvery plumes of the twin falls tumbled down the face of the high rocky walls. What a gorgeous setting for Grieg's mountain music!

Our trip through the fjords came to an end at Bergen, on the west coast. A friend, whom I had met in Sweden, took me to the top of Bergen's "hoie fjeld," an imposing mountain overlooking the city and the open sea beyond. The sky was clear and studded with stars. Below, the old city lay blinking up at us, like a reflection of the sky above. All at once I felt how insignificant we humans are in the pattern of Nature. Yet, while we stood there, I knew what it was to love the mountains and their splendor. Gottorm must have sensed what I was thinking because he said,

"I know you love it here as much as I do, and you have been here so short a time. I have lived among these mountains all my life, and I know you can't be truly happy away from them. You will know it, too, more strongly after you are gone."

As the *Oslofjord* slowly eased out into the channel, the winking city lights, the mountains, and the still, quiet fjords seemed to call,

"Come back, come back, you don't want to leave."

It was true. I didn't want to go. The *Oslofjord* gained speed. We were out of the narrow channel. Bergen with its stern, rugged, towering mountains etched against the black sky was already part of the past. I knew it then, and I know it more strongly now, that I cannot be entirely happy until I can go back to the North Country.

Today these memories mean more to me than they have before, as the realization comes to me that they may be all that I shall ever possess of the country I love.





## Book Review

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### Caroline of England

Ann Brown, '42

PETER QUENNEL, one of England's most highly respected literary critics, is a versatile and distinguished author in his own right. He has established his name as a poet, a novelist, a literary critic, and a short story writer. The best known of his works thus far has been *Byron: The Years of Fame*, and now he has completed a biography—*Caroline of England*, which promises to be equally popular. In the short foreword to the story, the author tells us his object in writing this book: "What I have attempted to do is to compose the portrait of a remarkable woman in the setting of one of the least known periods of English history, and to examine the effect of her position on her private character."

Caroline of England was born Wilhelmina Caroline, princess of Brandenburg-Anspach, and passed her earliest years in the uneasy and dangerous atmosphere of the late seventeenth century German courts, where elaborate ceremony covered the crude savagery of their petty rulers. As her father died when she was three years of age, she and her mother left the magnificent palace that had been their home and went to live at the court of their friends the Elector and Electress of Brandenburg. These well-meaning people decided that the widow should marry again, but their choice was an unfortunate one. The marriage was contracted with the Elector of Saxony, unhappy and undesirable as it was; within a few years the Elector died, and his widow followed him soon after, leaving her twelve-year-old daughter alone. The Elector of Brandenburg became Caroline's guardian, but it was under the careful supervision of the Electress Sophia Charlotte of Hanover that she received the training which later became invaluable.

In September, 1705, at Hanover, Caroline married George Augustus, grandson of the Electress, after a romantic courtship which was very much unlike the courtships of the period. A few years earlier such an alliance might have seemed moderately distinguished; now it carried with it prospects of the brilliant kind, since her husband's grandmother was heiress to the throne of England upon the death of the then ruling Queen Anne. Anne naturally resented this, and felt that the throne should go to her brother James, the Old Pretender. Sophia, on the other hand, was still a spry old lady who looked forward to outliving her rival and ruling in her stead. But fate stepped in to settle matters, and the two women died within a few months of each other. The succession now passed to George Louis of Hanover, son



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of Sophia, who became George I of England in 1713. Caroline and her husband were the next in line for the English throne.

A very strange and inexplicable trait of the Hanoverians was a feeling of dislike and distrust that one member of the family felt for another. George I was no exception. He heartily disliked his son and his son's wife, although he did admit to a grudging admiration of the latter. The two families were in constant conflict; it was always Caroline who would act as pacifier and arbitrator. The complexity of her character is amazing. To all appearances she was a yielding, powerless woman, only interested in her husband; but within herself she was strong, clever, forever planning for the day in which she and George Augustus would rule England. It was Caroline who was strong and ingenious, although her husband gave the notion of firmness, of strength. Caroline would present her plans in such a way that the prince always believed that they were his ideas in the first place, and that his wife was merely submitting in the proper fashion.

Upon the death of his father, brought about by an illness contracted on one of his Hanoverian jaunts, George Augustus ascended the throne. But during his entire reign it was Caroline, with the aid of Robert Walpole, who actually ruled. She was an extraordinary woman. Besides being beautiful and charming she possessed a brilliant mind. She particularly enjoyed religious and scientific debates; she welcomed the literary geniuses of that day to her court and surrounded herself with all that which was of the highest intellectual value.

*Caroline of England* is more than just the biography of a queen. It is the story of the Augustan Age in English literature, and of everyone who mattered in England in the period from 1700-1750. Though this period in itself was short, it produced more great figures than any other corresponding period in English history. Politics, literature, art, and society were represented, and the amazing part of it all was that each group, each person had his own little niche and did not intrude upon his neighbor. Such famous personalities as Alexander Pope, Lord Chesterfield, Jonathan Swift are worked into the pattern of the story in such a skillful way that one gets a very comprehensive idea of the literature of that period by merely reading the book for enjoyment. We cannot dismiss Robert Walpole without a word of commendation for the way in which he guided England's destiny during the first half of the eighteenth century, and especially during the panic that was caused by the South Sea Bubble. *Caroline of England* is truly what the author set out to make it—an Augustan Portrait.





## Growing Up

*Dale Andersen, '41*

THE OTHER DAY I sat at my window and watched the children next door skipping rope on the sidewalk. There was certainly nothing sad about what they were doing, yet I found tears in my eyes. At twenty, when most girls are enjoying life, I was sad because I wanted with all my heart to be a child again. It seems ironical that I, who had hated being a child, who had wanted so desperately to grow up, should ever be reduced to such a state as this.



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I had always looked upon twenty as a magical time of one's life, a time when one could do just as she pleased without ever having to ask permission. How well I remember crying to Mother whenever some much-wanted privilege had been denied,

"I wish I were twenty. Grown up people can do as they please. No one ever tells *them* what they must do. They don't have to eat spinach and drink milk. They don't have to go to bed when they're not even sleepy. Oh, why do I have to be a little girl? Just wait until I'm twenty, and then I'll do as I please." This went on indefinitely or until Mother interrupted.

There were several other little girls in the neighborhood who shared my feelings, and we used to find comfort in playing "house." To our young minds there was nothing quite so wonderful as high-heeled shoes and lipstick. My mother was a great disappointment to me in those days, because she wore neither of these wonderful things. How I envied Esther whose big sister possessed an abundance of both and was perfectly willing to have them borrowed! And even though Esther was as generous as her sister in sharing her treasures, I still could not be happy, for Mother forbade my using lipstick. This always seemed to me an unreasonable restriction, and I awaited impatiently the day, the magical day, when I should be twenty and could do as I pleased.

It was the ever-present rules and restrictions and the having to ask for permission that made being a child so unbearable. I think I have always disliked being told what I must or must not do, even when I knew that it was for my own good. Most of all, though, I hated being told, "But you're only a child, dear. You must wait until you're older." It was bad enough to be a child without being constantly reminded of it.

Just exactly what I understood growing up to be I don't believe I really knew. I must have thought it was something that came upon one suddenly like measles or scarlet fever, for I was always looking in the mirror for indications of it. But in spite of all my watchful waiting, I discovered that just as "no boy knows when he goes to sleep," no child knows when he grows up. I had grown up without knowing anything about it.

\* \* \*

The children next door are playing house today. I wonder if they would let me play, too.



## *S. J. C. Echoes*

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The first chapter is often written last because it must give a certain direction and mood to the book, and I think quite frankly that most authors don't know what they are doing when they start to write. Begin to write first at whatever point will hold your own interest.—MISS ESTHER FORBES, March 8, 1940.

• • •

Any lie is good if it's big enough . . . If you believe it, it's propaganda; if you don't believe it, it's im-propaganda . . . Modern diplomacy is one big poker game.—MR. EDWARD B. HITCHCOCK, March 11, 1940.

• • •

Most people don't realize that there must be a period of training and observation before one begins to interview. To interview well is a delicate task.—NANCY BURNCOAT (Miss Marion Emerson), April 1, 1940.

• • •

People have been led to believe that dreams are a form of futility . . . and yet they are the ultimate sources of inspiration and achievement . . . Dreams are the substance of which aims and purposes are made . . . Mr. President, I congratulate you on the dreams of achievement which you have attained.—DR. ASPINWALL, at the President's Installation, April 10, 1940.

• • •

The quality of a teacher is the key to the reconstruction of all society . . . We need teachers educated to a much higher level of insight, emotional adjustment, and teaching skill. This is the task of our Teachers Colleges . . . Because they are close to the people, they are at the very center of the struggle to maintain our democratic way of life.—MR. CARPENTER, April 10, 1940.

• • •

People in power in democracies do harm to their traditions by failing to look ahead, to plan for necessary things, and to fight to carry them out, even if they fail of re-election . . . They are not willing to risk election to face the first reaction of the voters to change . . . Totalitarianism faces its problems.—DR. HEINRICH BRUENING, April 30, 1940.



## Beginnings

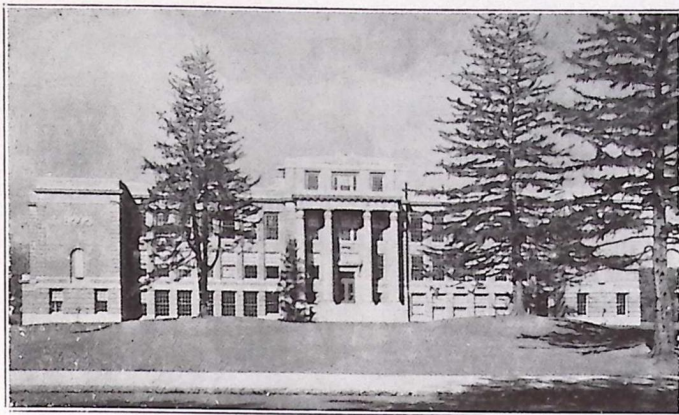
Virginia Forkey, '41

STANDING ALONE in an open field is a plain wooden structure whose sole room saw the beginning of youth for me and all my playmates. It was here that I started school. To the eyes of a small child of five who had lived in a large house on a high hill, the box-like building was very disappointing. In the book that I had, schools were always made of brick and generously supplied with wide windows; but this—just plain, square, and awkward. Surely schools shouldn't resemble barns. The barn-like effect was further intensified by the field that might be turned to hay but for the mad capers of the children at recess. Certainly the structure could boast no wide windows. Of course there were windows of the type that permitted only two heads to gaze through its panes. The only outside influence that was allowed to penetrate the solitude was the sound of a brook running over stones. Immediately my spirits rose; brooks meant flowers, brooks meant fish, and most important, brooks meant wading. I resolved that my first recess should be spent at that brook—I prayed that there would be mossy rocks to caress small feet.

My silence became apparent to the extent that the teacher came to me, placed a friendly hand on my shoulder, uttered a cordial greeting, and ushered me into the room. If my reaction to the outside had been disappointing, my reaction to the inside was distinctly unfavorable. My feelings were wounded by the dismal, narrow hall lined with hooks. They had not improved matters any by painting the walls gray. After I passed the hooks, my eyes opened in horror—they did not even have any running water. When I became thirsty, I was told to fill my cup from that dingy tank that reminded me of our cider barrel in the cellar. The only interesting thing in the hall was the presence of two large cabinets. Closets and cabinets are extremely intriguing to a child whose curiosity is well developed. Perhaps these cabinets held toys—or even books. At any rate I made a mental note to find out—that is, after I had explored the brook and discovered whether or not there was moss.

My coat was off, so there was no excuse for delaying the ordeal of seeing the classroom. Teacher lifted the latch of the connecting door. When the door opened, I had a glimpse of sunshine, flowers, and pictures. There in the front was a shiny brown desk—my desk. On the desk tray was a pencil holding down a paper with my name written in red letters. At last I was happy. At last the building did not matter. It was not important that there were gray walls or even a tank that looked like a cider barrel. I had a brook, a closet, and a desk of my own.





W.      S.      T.      C.

### We're Saying On This Campus

The staging era was a definite period in the history of S. T. C., and it is now considered proper to speak of events as B. S. (Before the Staging) and A. R. (After the Removal). Out of the mass of jokes which have sprung up since we were first put into our cage, we have chosen this one to put an end to all staging stories: We have it on good authority that on the day 1 A. R. the bus driver drove right by the college, not recognizing it without its false front.

\*   \*   \*

One sophomore was simply astounded when she heard that the Italian army has eight million men, while Russian forces number eighteen million. "So many men!" she marveled. "I think I'll have to go to Europe."

"You don't have to go there for that," she was told. "We have just

as many men right here in the United States, but thank heaven, they're not in the army."

"Well, *where* are they, that's what I'd like to know," she retorted.

\*   \*   \*

In answer to the question: Why did the town of Northbridge move down hill? in a recent geography examination, Dr. Shaw was surprised to read the following:

The town had been at one time situated farther up on the hill, but when the glacier arrived, the town was pushed down hill in front of it.

\*   \*   \*

We heard of a great many funny adventures of the New York Conference delegates, but one of the best has not yet been told. Coming back to the hotel after the dance, the girls, attired in formal gowns, all crowded into one taxi. They managed to pile



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in, but getting out was more difficult; Pat Malley, who sat nearest the door, was all tangled up in her flowing skirt. Her companions extricated her from its folds, helped her up, and gave her a gentle shove out to the street. Pat fell out of the taxi and staggered onto the curb, only to look up into the eyes of a motherly soul who exclaimed, "What a pity! Such a young girl, too!"

\* \* \*

We don't like to seem vain, but we were very proud of our Debating Club when it took part in a radio debate with Fitchburg S. T. C. on the subject of consumer cooperatives. We were so sure that our team, consisting of Ellen Lovell, Ann Brown, and Evelyn Adams, had won that we did not even bother to listen for the decision—and we still think we were right.

\* \* \*

When Mr. James Mitchell, attired in true Scottish kilts and plaids, came to the college to read Burns' poetry to Miss Roe's Eighteenth Century Literature class, the girls were very much pleased as Mr. Mitchell remarked, "I love the ladies." They sat up straighter in their seats and put on their most charming smiles, until after a long pause he added, "Very little."

\* \* \*

One of the best-natured of the girls who drive to school in their own cars each day is Mary O'Neil, who always picks up any of the rest

of us whom she sees trudging along on the sidewalks. Of course this results in rather crowded conditions toward the end of the journey. "I'm so used to piling into this car," said Mary Hunt the other day, "that now every time I get into an automobile I expect to sit in someone's lap."

\* \* \*

Social events have been coming along so thick and fast that it is really hard to keep track of them. One very successful affair was the International Relations Clubs Conference, to which we played hostesses this year. When, after dinner, panel reports were being given, Esther Matthews created a furor when she solemnly announced that her panel group on Europe had decided that the European situation was extremely complex. However, it was Thelma Mudgett's impromptu report that brought the house down. Her topic was the Far East. Among other things she declared that in order to support their navy, the Japanese are willing to do without many luxuries—such as eating. The conclusion of the Far East panel, also, was that it could come to no conclusion.

\* \* \*

The Russian Interlude which introduced us to Boris (Palmer) Goodinoff and Morose (Sigel) Badinoff had the audience laughing so hard that we failed to note the laughter of the three other characters: Comrades Peggy (Ker) Manning, Win-



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nie (Messe) Sullivan, and Martha (Fair) Stolnacke, the latter the joke that nobody got. These three actresses were so convulsed with mirth that they were unable to speak their lines in the chorus of the Volga Boatmen which were, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

Speaking of the Kermesse, the Seniors certainly put their carnival over with a bang this year, and we prophesy that many of their innovations will be continued by future classes. Having the dancing in Dr. Farnsworth's room proved very successful, while the puppet show in Dr. Shaw's room was a charming addition to the program. The Seniors in their Tyrolean dress looked very attractive and lent a note of uniformity to the occasion. A highlight of the show was the Penny Arcade, which easily gave more than a penny's worth of laughter. Just in case you didn't invest, we might as well tell you that the display of Gone With the Wind was really gone, while the Swimming Match consisted of a lonely little match floating about in a pan of water. The sign See Your Sugar invited you to gaze on a sugar lump reposing quietly on a saucer. Lucille Paquette and Mary Morrison were responsible for these and the other bright ideas in the Arcade.

The Jitterbug Contest was a surprise event and was won by two girls in the Training School who jived

with the best of them. But the big feature of the evening was the waltz contest with Miss Banigan and Mr. Jones the victorious couple. The large number of entries in that, compared with the few jitterbugs, showed that sweet has practically overcome swing.

While we are on the subject of the carnival we think that we should commend the "show must go on" spirit that pervaded the winning Sophomore Capers, *Just One Big Happy Family*. Betty Bennett deserves several hearty pats on the back for going on with her part as John Bull despite the fact that she had wrenched her ankle so severely the day before that walking was very painful. When Augusta Copper dashed madly on for her first entrance as Adolf Hitler clutching a little toy tank, she cut her finger on it but ignored the flow of blood as she kept resolutely on with her part. When she had to attack Pat Malley as Poland, poor Pat, seeing blood on her arm, really thought she had been killed, or something. Others in the cast who performed so well and deserve mention were Rotha Sawyer as Joey Stalin, Shirley Widerberg as Mrs. Cash and Carry Nations, Lillian Gordon as the Fuller Brush Man, Gladys Walley as Uncle Sam, Madeleine Brodeur as Francie, Laeh Yoffe as Benita Mussolini, and Helen Najarian as Finland. Florence Newfield wrote it and was assisted in direction by Shirley Albert.



## ***Favorite Sayings of the Senior C's***

Jean McCann . . . . .	"Oh happy day."
Rita Kelly . . . . .	"He laid me out in lavender."
Thelma Mudgett . . . . .	"Ain't it cunnin'?"
Lillian Newfield . . . . .	"Phone 'em up."
Ellen Lovell . . . . .	"I beg to differ."
Barbara Masterson . . . . .	"Heaven love us."
Claire Malone . . . . .	"I want to ask a question."
Mary Morrison . . . . .	"Has my 'beege' Packard come?"
Ruth Dinsmore . . . . .	"Who's going out?"
Lucille Paquette . . . . .	"Guess who?"
Dorothy Brown . . . . .	"No, but—"
Esther Matthews . . . . .	"You know what?"
Elinor Bird . . . . .	"Hi, dear."
Roslyn Schorr . . . . .	"I don't mind."
Eugenia Richards . . . . .	"I'm in the Training School."

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## ***On My Curlers***

*Mary Cashen, '41*

When I consider how my nights are spent,  
 Over half my time in this vain world and proud,  
 And that one comfort which is fatal to indulge  
 E'er to me denied, though my vanity more eager  
 To serve therewith Fashion, and present  
 My loveliest appearance lest He be disappointed;  
 "Doth Beauty demand curls, natural wave denied?"  
 I foolishly query. But Style to prevent  
 That murmur soon replies, "Fashion doth not need  
 Either your curls or your straight hair." Who best  
 Stand curlers, go farthest. Fashion  
 Rules. Millions at her bidding strive  
 And spend night after night without rest;  
 They "also ran" who spend their nights in peace.

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S.T.C. girl's favorite call before  
 nine o'clock — "Anyone going up to  
 the library?"







